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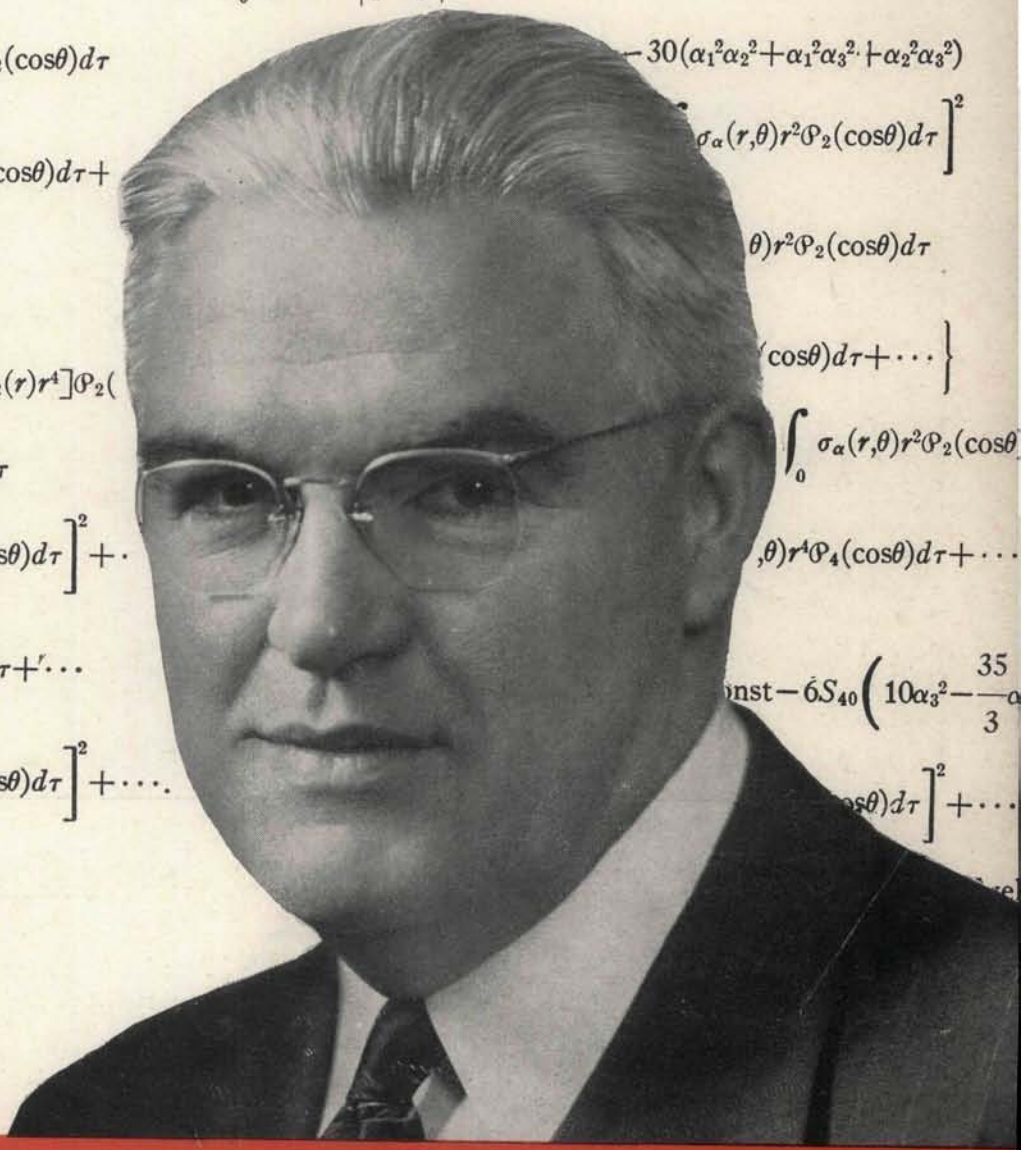

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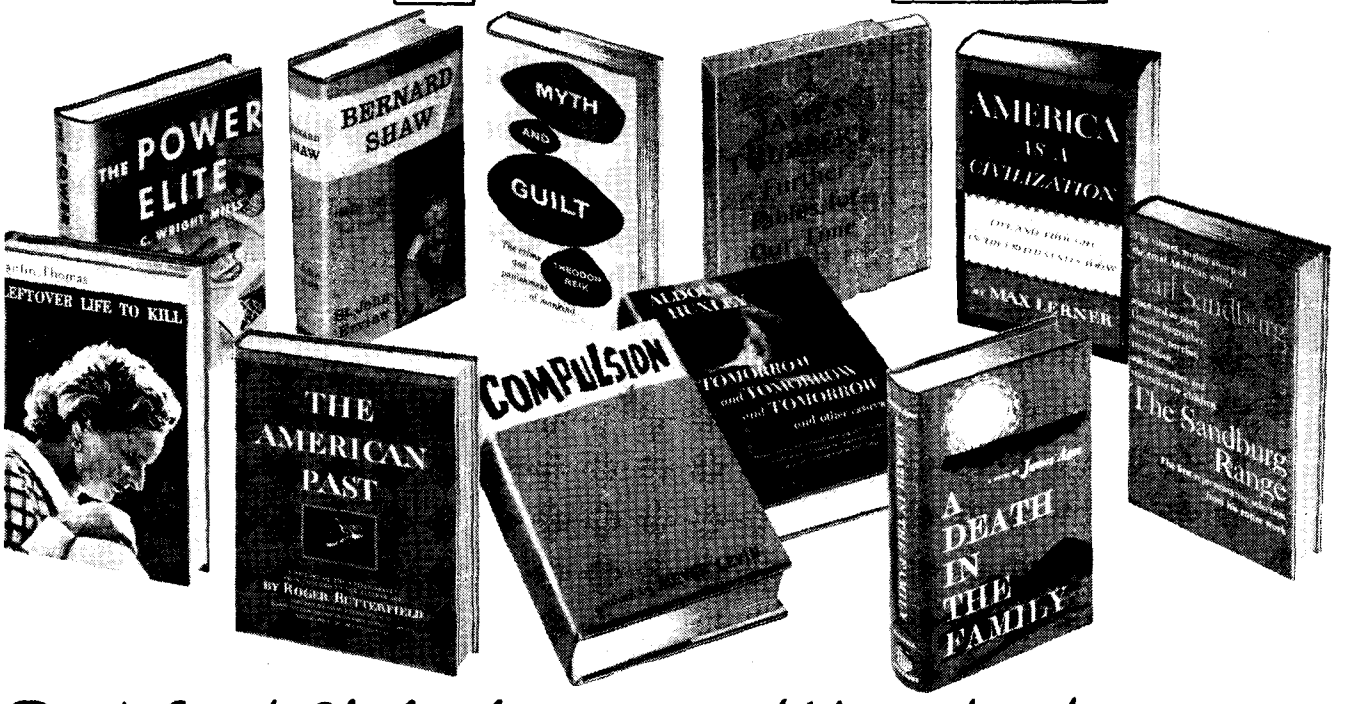

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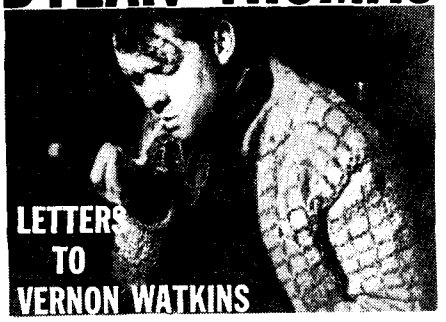

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 1, 1958

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SR/IDEAS

10 Money Is Not Enough, by Claude M. Fuess
22 Wanted: Two Billion Angry Men: An Editorial
35 The Knowledge We Need Most, by Harry Alpert, Pendleton Herring, and John Lear

SR/BOOKS

13 First Blood: The Story of Fort Sumter, by W. A. Swanberg
Reviewed by T. Harry Williams
14 Magnificent Missourian, by Elbert B. Smith
Reviewed by Roy F. Nichols
15 The Roots of Heaven, by Romain Gary
Reviewed by Henri Peyre
16 The New England Story, by Henry Beetle Hough
Reviewed by Ralph Nading Hill
17 O Genesee, by Janet O'Daniel
Reviewed by Shirley Barker
18 Winston Churchill and the Second Front, by Trumbull Higgins
Reviewed by Forrest C. Pogue
19 Northwest Africa: Seizing the Initiative in the West, by George F. Howe
Reviewed by Gordon Harrison
20 Dada, edited by Willy Verkauf
Reviewed by Hans Richter
21 Klee: A Study of His Life and Work, by Gualtieri di San Lazzaro
Reviewed by Georgine Oeri
31 Silk Hats and No Breakfast, by Honor Tracy
Reviewed by Donald A. Yates
32 Canada: Tomorrow's Giant, by Bruce Hutchison
Reviewed by Judith Robinson

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 First of the Month
8 Trade Winds
23 Letters to the Editor
25 Broadway Postscript
25 Literary Crypt
26 TV and Radio
26 Literary I.Q.
27 *SR* Goes to the Movies
28 Music to My Ears
29 Booked for Travel
35 *SR* Research for February
47 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1245

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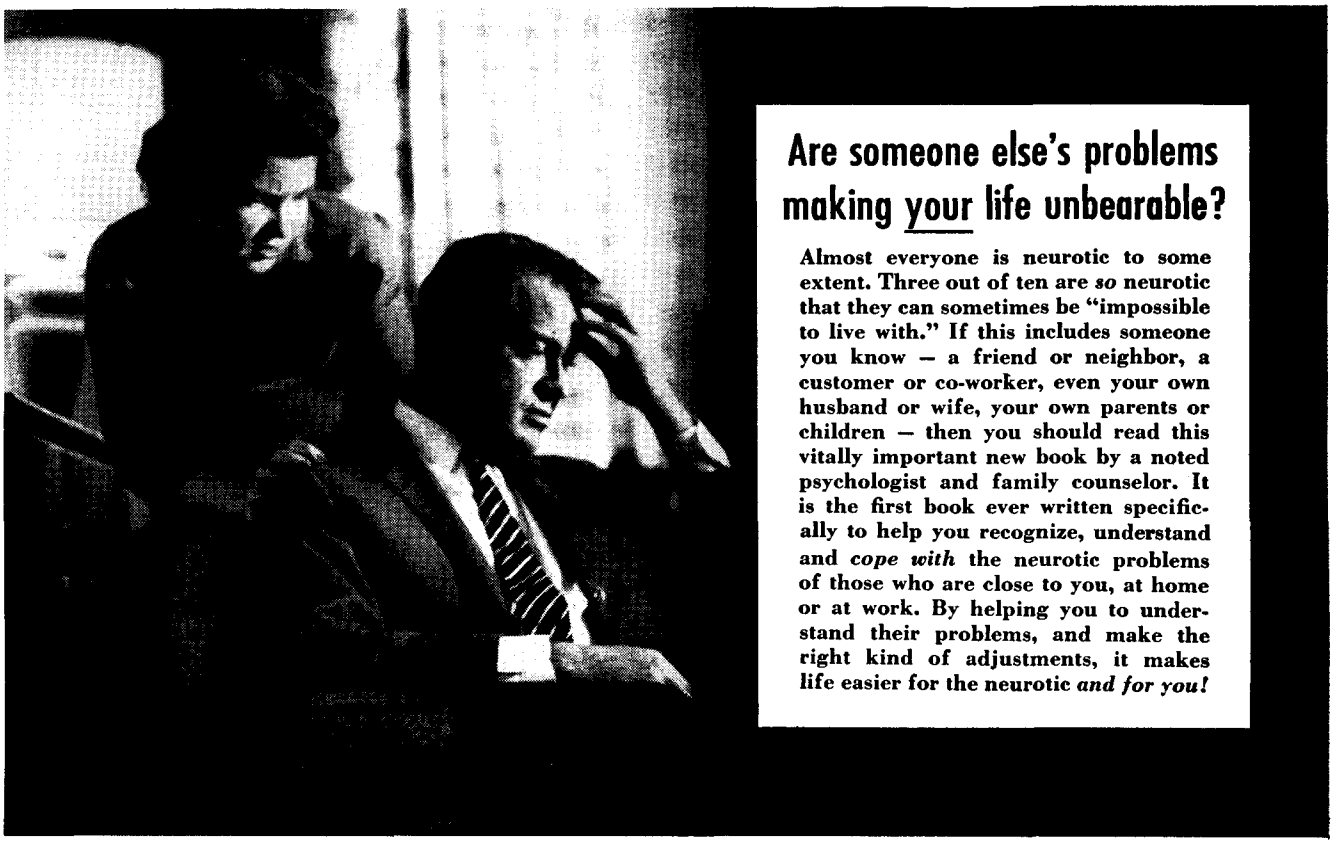
How to live with a neurotic!



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martyrism
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nervous tension
insomnia
sexual fears and obsessions
lapses of memory
habitual lateness
disorganized work habits
eccentricities
compulsive habits
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over-possessiveness
over-sensitivity
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and many others

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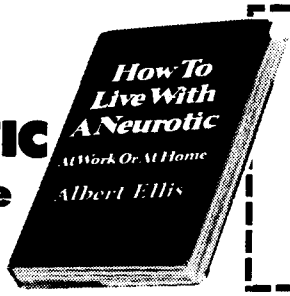

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

• • Our favorite Sign of the Times is the one which appeared on the NBC bulletin board. "From now on," the sign said, "all NBC writers will read the *Scientific American*." Well, it's a start, we suppose, but another NBC sign contained an admonition that professors were no longer to be depicted in comic poses in comedies. We see the point here but we're not

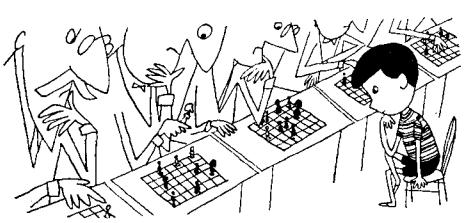
sure we go along with it. A little learning may be a dangerous thing, but a little humor, never.

• • We were thinking about Vice President Nixon's new prestige with liberals the other day when we asked our wife whatever happened to "Checkers." "Haven't you heard?" she replied. "They don't call him 'Checkers' any more. They call him 'Chess'."

• • Curiously enough, as part and parcel of the new Era of the Egghead, which we mentioned last month, we are in the throes of something which looks very much like a Great Chess Revival. Chess clubs are booming, more young people are playing better chess in schools, and every now and then, in the advertisements, you see girls playing chess. (The pieces are invariably set up in charming designs, but impossible playing positions.) Even the two national organizations, long rivals, the U.S. Chess Federation led by Oklahoma's Jerry Spann, and the American Chess Foundation led by New York's Walter Fried, have buried the hatchet. "We are trying to spread the gospel," says Fried, "that chess is not hard, it is not slow, and it is not anti-social . . . Aw hell, let's not kid ourselves. Our idea is to get a team which can beat the Russians."

• • Actually, our most promising player *is* a kid—the fourteen-year-old Brooklyn boy, Bobby Fischer. Last month, Fischer defeated thirteen other chess Masters to win $600 and the Lessing J. Rosenwald tournament for the U.S. championship. It was an occurrence which was called by Hans Kmoch, coach of the Manhattan Chess Club, "the greatest miracle in the history of chess"—which is quite a miracle since there is, on a tablet in a pyramid at Gizeh, an inscription which concerns chess and which dates back 3,000 years. Born in Chicago, Fischer attends Erasmus High. His parents are now separated, and he lives with his mother who is a trained nurse but does not play chess. He was, in fact, taught by an older sister, who now no longer plays, when he was six. Tall, thin, and nervous, he invariably carries one or more Russian chess books, which he cannot read but out of which he can play the games. Up in his school work, but not outstanding, he likes Spanish and tennis "a little bit." Otherwise his life is entirely chess, and even in tournament games (in which forty moves must be made within two-and-a-half hours on each player's clock) he usually gets up after moving and wanders around looking at other games. Our theory was that he was doing this because, in a game involving such terrific mental tension, only the look at another game could break the tension and enable him to go back to his own game with a refocused mind. It seemed like a good theory, but Fischer wouldn't buy it. "Naw," he said, "I just like to look at what's going on." He credits one teacher, Carmine Nigro, but just barely. "When I was eleven," he says in one of his longest speeches to date, "I just got good."

• • The man whom Fischer dethroned (although they drew in the one game they played each other) is Samuel Reshevsky, who is not only America's only International Grand Master but also the only man in the country who makes a living out of chess. "Let's put it this way," he says, "I'm the only one who's trying to make a living." Now forty-six, small in size and incredibly impassive-looking, Reshevsky too



was a child prodigy. Born in Poland (the Germans killed his three sisters and a brother), he taught himself to play by watching his father, and, at five, in his first real game, beat him. In this country at twelve he gave up chess completely to finish high school and graduate from the University c Chicago. "I forced myself to give up," he said. "It was the kind of discipline I needed—and needed it fo my chess too." He believes such course might work out well fo Fischer—which is undoubtedly goo advice, since Reshevsky, now a American citizen, has played fou draws against Russian champio Smyslov, and his record against Rus sian ex-champion (Siberia?) Botwin nik is one win, three draws, and n losses. Of Fischer Reshevsky ha nothing but the highest praise. "In thi tournament, though," he says, "psy chologically we all underrated hir We all played badly, including my self." Now off on a countrywide, pai tour, Reshevsky has been witnessin the Great Chess Revival at first hanc "People think you have to be a menta giant," he says, "to play chess. Yo don't. I'm not much over five feet an I'm not outstanding in any other fielc I have met many chess masters wh are below average in I.Q. My wif knows the moves. I call *that* playing After all, the whole thing's relative There are some people who would sa that about me. Maybe Fischer, fo example."

• • New York's Central and Washington Square Parks, as well as Chicago' Park Pavilion, are full of what migh be called "chess bums." On the othe

hand, at the Harvard Club of Nev York there are close to 100 so-calle "chess nuts." And, at the regal reso of Round Hill in Jamaica, you can se an entirely new sport—"beach chess. Somehow, lawyers seem to predomi nate. "I suppose it's the logic of it, says Cleveland's Elliott Stearns, wh runs perhaps the Midwest's most ac tive chess center, "but chess is no just logic. It is creative and imagina tive." As for women in chess, her too there is a revival, and on all levels including actresses like Mary Sinclai and Sallie Brophy, models like Li Pringle and Suzy Parker. Mrs. Fran Marshall, pioneer woman player, i enthusiastic about Mrs. Gisella Kah Gresser, now co-champion, with Soni Graf Stevenson, who plays on th West Coast. Mrs. Gresser's husband incidentally, is a lawyer, but now unfortunately for Mrs. Gresser's tour nament travel, a chesser too. "H thinks I should stay home," she says "and pass the sandwiches."

—Cleveland Amory.

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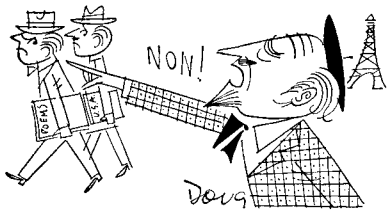
TRADE Winds

THE SO-CALLED SAN FRANCISCO poets have reached foreign lands in a sort of "tentacles-across-the-sea" movement, right to the doors of Brentano's in Paris, France. Allen Ginsberg, author of the nearly-banned poem "Howl," approached the manager of the store with two friends, Gregory and Peter, carrying in their arms 100 copies of the *Evergreen Review*, which contains among other things Ginsberg's controversial poem. ("I'm with you in Rockland where you scream in a



straitjacket that you're losing the game of the actual pingpong of the abyss").

"The mustachioed madman manager," Ginsberg reported back to his publishers, Grove Press, "said he had no room and pointed to a display case of Jimmy Dean magazines. We implored him for the future of American Poetry and better France-American Cultural Relations but he was adamant and demanded we leave. So we left some copies with the newsstand man in front of American Express and now we go peddling all over the Left Bank."

Grove Press smiled weakly and opened another letter with a French stamp. "I have to complain most strongly," wrote the mustachioed manager, "about the conduct of three individuals who called on me today to introduce a magazine published by you, *Evergreen Review*. The method of introducing the magazine was, to say the least, very strange. Several cartons were carried into the store, a copy of the magazine was waved at me, and I was truculently informed that Brentano's was expected to take some of them.

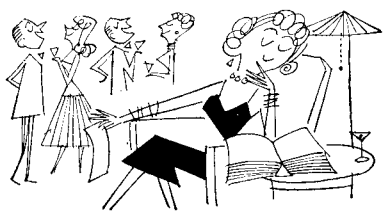
"After due consideration I told the trio that I could not take the magazine, whereupon they became very loud and abusive, creating a scandal in the store. We, as a firm, were accused of being un-American and of 'kicking American literature out of the store.' Snide remarks were made, etc. The noise and the upset to our business got to a point where I had to ask these people to leave or to be forcibly ejected. I have been wondering since whether these so-called representatives were representatives at all; they were not very prepossessing, or clean either."

Now Mr. Ginsberg knows the meaning of the word "howl."

IT MUST BE ALL RIGHT to mark up books because Miss Amy Vanderbilt, authority on etiquette, has pencil marks all over her copy of "By Love Possessed," indicating words and phrases she didn't understand and wanted to look up.

"I'll bet ninety-nine out of 100 readers just skipped over the tough words," she told me.

She didn't. She has them all written down on a piece of stationery from The Huron Hotel, Ypsilanti, Michigan, and she has spent the last couple of months trying to get definitions. Most of them are so tough that she has had to buttonhole lawyers, doctors, and Latin specialists where she could lay hands on them. A fellow in a plane over Sioux City helped her. At a cocktail party once she found an unabridged dictionary and while everyone else was having fun she had her nose in the book. So far she's figured out about half of them, which puts her that much ahead. Here's the list; see



what you can do with it. I'll give you Amy Vanderbilt's answers when she turns them in.

silent askance	*hubris*
epicene	vertigiously
presbyopic	furibund
sub judice	vilipending of hostility
mens rea	archivolt
teleologies	vulnerary
factitious	*felo-de-se*
genre tradition	prescience
in propria persona	apotheosis
caput lupinum	*cestui qui trust*
captandum	*nunc pro tunc*

THE RUSSIAN MUSICAL world was rocked by scandal a few weeks ago when it was disclosed that prominent composers have been hiring unknown ghostwriters to compose their music, getting the idea for a melody an then turning the rest of the job ove to an arranger who did the hard work There was even a case where on guy whistled a tune over the long distance phone and his bright ghost in Moscow produced the score, unde his name.

This isn't very unusual, for many composers can't arrange their own music, but a much bigger questio arises: just where do you draw th line regarding the authorship of an work of art, and how much relation ship is there between a byline and th person or persons who did the work and how much work did the so-calle

author do? Not only in music but i many other fields the big-name peo ple whistle the tune and let som unknowns finish the job.

I want to answer the question righ here: you cannot draw the line any place, because there is a fuzzy no man's-land in between. The publi is not really interested in who th actual producer of the work was; i is only in the world of artists them selves where "Who did the work?' makes any difference.

Highly-paid architects and de signers do rough sketches and thei staff workers do what many of u would consider the difficult work tha the fee is supposed to cover. Illus trators for magazine covers, fictio stories, book covers, advertisements are so pressed for time that they copy photographs, which to some unknow ing folk might appear to be easy. know one top-flight artist wh watches baseball on television while he paints covers. Movie stars move their lips and other people's voices sing songs; this is so common no one cares any more. Ancient Greek sculptures, idols from Pharaoh's tomb Degas ballerinas—these are available in cheap counterfeits so perfect that even the experts can't tell the difference. So, who is doing what these days?

In publishing, ghosts haunt the landscape. Several really big books last year were done by researchers and writers, with a prominent name attached as byline. At least one famous writer and lecturer has seldom written a word of his own in years but his ghost's name is unknown. One of the biggest sellers of all time is dedicated to a professional writer wh

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still can't live down the trade rumor that he wrote it for the now-prosperous "author." A prominent senior statesman has a biography coming out this year; it will have his byline, but it has meant a lot of hard work for an unsung writer-editor, who

spent all summer on it. Big-name bylines in magazines, of course, are utter hoaxes.

It boils down to this, doesn't it? There are two groups: (a) people who write and create things, (b) people who like to make money and be prominent. You can't get into B-group by spending the day in the library or sitting down at a typewriter. So you get someone in A-group to do it for you.

Golf Widows' Winter Lament

(with apologies to Robert Frost)

By Susie Waldman

WHOSE woods these are I think I know
From closet into car they go
Each Saturday they disappear:
He golfs, come hail, come sleet, come snow.

My normal friends must think it queer
To hear my husband isn't here
But chipping 'cross a frozen lake
The coldest weekend of the year.

I give my sleepy head a shake—
Is ninety such a joy to break
That into icy dawn he'll creep
Those precious hundred strokes to take?

I'm doomed to wait, I'm doomed to weep
For winter-long, while snow is deep,
His rendezvous with par he'll keep,
His rendezvous with par he'll keep.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1244)

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LOOK BACK IN ANGER
THE
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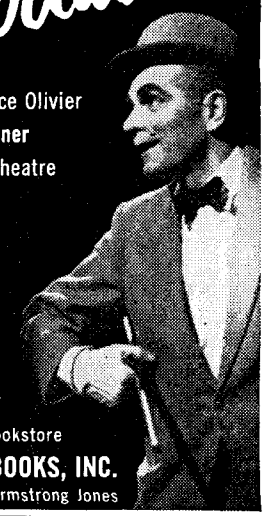

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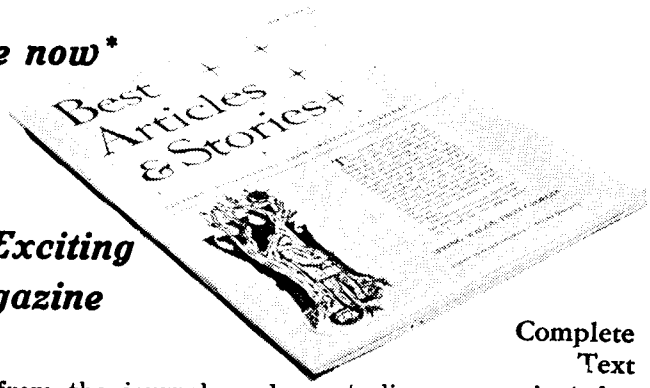

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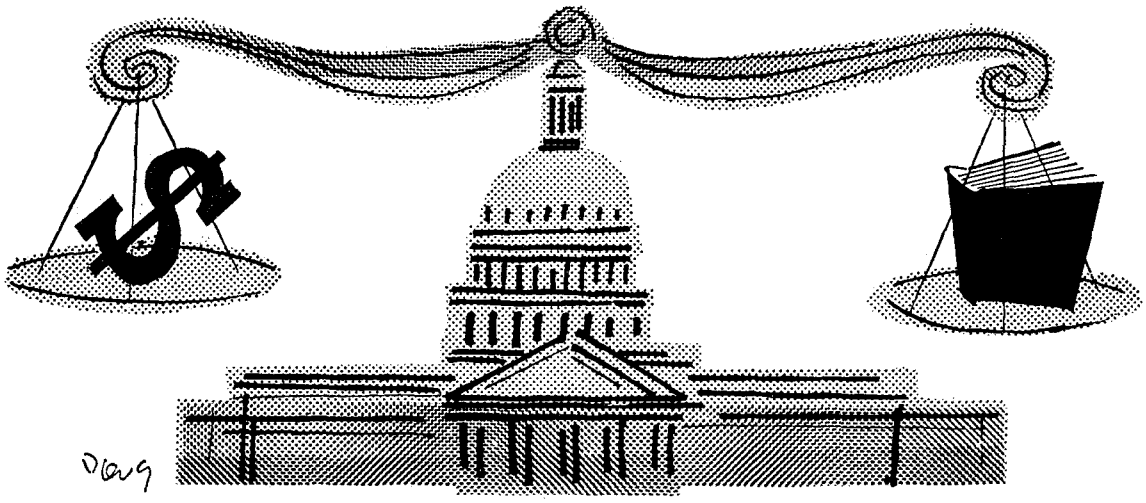
The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 1, 1958



MONEY IS NOT ENOUGH

By CLAUDE M. FUESS, *former headmaster, Phillips Academy, Andover.*

ERECT more school buildings, hire more teachers, endow more scientists, let Congress appropriate a few more billions and—rich as America is—we can't help winning the Cold War in general and the crisis in education in particular. That seems to be the cry today.

This is indeed a superficial view of the current emergency. We shall soon discover, what some have learned already, that anger is not enough. Political fulmination is not enough. And money is not enough. The issue goes deep into the very heart of our civilization, of our philosophy as a people, of our motivations and desires. I am a schoolmaster, and I prefer to stick here to the educational side of this problem, but much of what I have to say equally relates to the other aspects of our national community life.

Until our national attitude has changed, no expenditure of mere money will enable us to hold our own with the Russians. They have realized for some years the necessity of guiding every child as far along the educational path as he is qualified to go, of identifying talent early and cultivating it to the utmost, of rewarding scholarship and research, and making teaching a reputable, dignified profession. Meanwhile, American men and women who might have been contributing to the Space Age have been designing new and better television sets, automobiles, and the countless gadgets which are part of the daily life of every American. We have been voting ourselves and our children longer and longer holidays at precisely the moment when we need to utilize more profitably all the time available. We have become so enervated by prosperity that, according to accurate testimony from sportswriters, more and more spectators are watching fewer and fewer athletes. According to Harold Kaese, athletic clubs are vanishing because the average boy "won't stick to anything tough." Child for child and man for man we read fewer books proportionately than almost any so-called cultured country in the world. Sweden, with a population of 7 million, has nearly as many public libraries as the United States. And now we delude ourselves into believing that, by increasing the budget, we can quickly redeem ourselves and demonstrate our superiority!

All over the country modern public schools are being dedicated, many of them impressively beautiful, well-lighted, with gymnasiums and swimming pools and auditoriums, located where passing motorists can look and admire. Buildings are desirable, of course. But teachers are much more important. A school may be great without perfect equipment. It cannot be great without inspiring instructors. Our emphasis has been, and still is, on show rather than on substance. In his provocative book, "This is Goggle, or the Education of a Father," Bentz Plageman describes his experiences with his recalcitrant son, who was a hellion until he came under the influence of an understanding teacher. Said the father, "It was then that we learned, once and for all, what it takes to make a man out of a boy. It's very simple. It takes a man." We must

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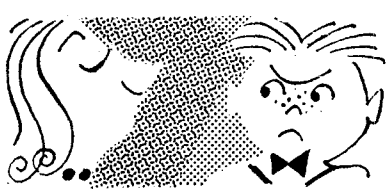
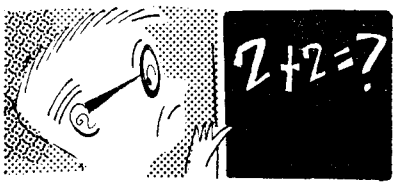
cease thinking of our schools as primarily bricks and granite and glass and regard them as hives of human personality. Money does help to secure dynamic instructors, but it still is not enough. We shall have to give them also respect, encouragement, and some deserved applause.

Another unescapable fact is that these Russian "barbarians," in education as in other areas, work longer and harder than we do. No economy-minded American can look at these magnificent regional schools, empty during the summer months, without being conscious of the waste involved. For long periods their superb facilities are being put to no effective use. The number of holidays has been so increased by legislation that many boys and girls, like their parents, are at a loss how to spend their spare time. Let us face the truth. Most schoolteachers no more need thirteen weeks of summer vacation than doctors or bankers or librarians. If any boys and girls are sincerely eager to learn and move along faster, why not let them receive the instruction for which they hunger? If vacations were shorter and teachers were paid more accordingly, the profession would be for many of them more attractive, and thousands of ambitious adolescents would welcome the opportunity for acceleration. This is not just an "egg-head pipedream." Some independent schools which have undertaken such an experiment have been well satisfied with the results. A summer session of this type at Phillips Academy, Andover, has been in operation for more than twenty years, enabling pupils to cover an entire year's work in a subject like French or to make up a previous failure in Chemistry or English. I have talked with many of the summer students. They are glad to be doing something directly profitable instead of loafing on beaches or street-corners.

Still another hampering factor is the soft attitude of parents towards their offspring, their unwillingness to sub-



ject them, or to have them subjected, to severe discipline in behavior or study. Philip Wylie touched a sensitive spot in our social organism when he framed his comprehensive indictment of "Mom." But "Pop" is often just as culpable as "Mom." Many a father who has achieved success through strenuous labor and grim self-sacrifice says quite openly, "My son must never work as hard as I did," forgetting that it was this very struggle which made him what he is. When the Progressives evolved the fascinating idea that no marks should be given to students, they rejoiced the hearts of millions of "Moms" and did a disservice to America. "Competition gives the losers a sense of inferiority; therefore let's abolish it," they said. No expenditure of money



can revive the competitive spirit which was once such an incentive to so many healthy-minded children.

In some ways our current problem is one of sentimentality versus discipline. I suspect that parents will have to make their children lead more exacting lives, to make more demands upon them, to teach them in the home the elementary principles of law, order, and occasional renunciation. This requires no money—only a change of heart.

Corollary to all this is the fact that we have been spending millions on retarded children just to keep them contented, or at least alive. This is, of course, a moral obligation of the state, and no one would wish to change the policy. Meanwhile, however, we have been doing very little to enable the bright children to realize their potentials. In most of our public schools the standards have been adjusted to the average pupils, with the inevitable consequence that the more brilliant who find the assignments easy lose their drive. Byron S. Holinshead pointed out at least six years ago that thousands of exceptionally gifted young Americans never reached college, at the same time that our college campuses were teeming with wealthy "wasters" out for nothing but a good time. Here money can help, but it must be backed by sympathetic community interest. The Russians, latecomers in many cultural areas, have discovered that progress is dependent on a very small number of research scholars who, under proper encouragement, may be of service to a national program. Mass education should not mean mass mediocrity, but it needs to be supplemented by special attention to the talented.

That such a system of advanced education for exceptionally able children is not undemocratic is proved by the advocacy of Thomas Jefferson, that practical visionary who left so few areas of knowledge unexplored. He early recognized that any society advances chiefly through the utilization of the capabilities of its best-endowed citizens. His proposals for Virginia called for education of the young on three levels—elementary, grammar, and collegiate. On his theory, the most promising boys in each grammar school were to be sent to the university by the state. Jefferson saw nothing undemocratic in this recognition of the fact that some children are mentally superior to their mates and therefore, if rightly trained, are likely to become leaders. In a letter to John Adams in 1813 he mentioned particularly those who early excel in what he called "virtue and talents," who would "thus have been sought out from every condition of life, and completely prepared by education for defeating the competition of wealth and birth for public trust."

For measuring aptitudes we have had for some time machinery more accurate than the subjective judgments used in Jefferson's day. Our mechanism is not infallible, but aptitude and achievement tests do exist through which we can identify talent at an early age and thus select from among the candidates those who seem likely to profit by further and more intensive instruction. Already this is being done in some degree through the generosity of private industry. It

might well become a function of government, with necessary precautions against the possible intrusion of Washington bureaucracy.

For such a program we need money, but we also require popular approval of the principle involved. If what we believe to be our American culture is to be preserved, it will be through the research, the resourcefulness, and the influence of a comparatively small group of talented persons. Subjecting a larger and larger proportion of our youth to elementary mathematical and scientific instruction will not accomplish what we are after. It is essential that every American child should learn to read and write and cipher. But it is even more desirable at the moment that the best should get the best. For the moment we should be more concerned with the uncommon than with the average. Selecting the best-qualified, educating

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FURTHER READING: *Those of Mr. Fuess's readers who wish to look into more material on the problems of schoolteaching in America, its place in our society, and some of the philosophical ends it should be designed to serve may be interested in the following works:*

TEACHER IN AMERICA. *By Jacques Barzun. Doubleday (Anchor) (1954).* 85¢. The academic impressions of a scholar who came to this country at the age of twelve and has taught history at Columbia for thirty years.

MOZART. *By W. J. Turner. Doubleday (Anchor) (1954).* 95¢. A classic short biography of the Prince of Prodigies, containing much provocative material on Mozart's education. It will occur to many people that the USSR has managed to produce more than her share of expert contemporary musicians by continuing, and perhaps intensifying, the Czarist early-training system; technological education is not the whole issue.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLMASTER. *By Claude M. Fuess. Little Brown (1952).* $5. Our author's credo; he was headmaster of one of the best-known Eastern preparatory schools for fifteen years.

THE TEACHER AND CIVIL LIBERTY. *By William A. Wetzel. Harvard (1939). Paper 50¢.* A short pamphlet that discusses the responsibility of the schoolteacher to reaffirm and redefine the traditional values of the Republic.

AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION. *By Max Lerner. Simon and Schuster (1957).* $10. An impressive tocquevilleization of our twentieth century: strengths, eccentricities, perils, trends, structures.

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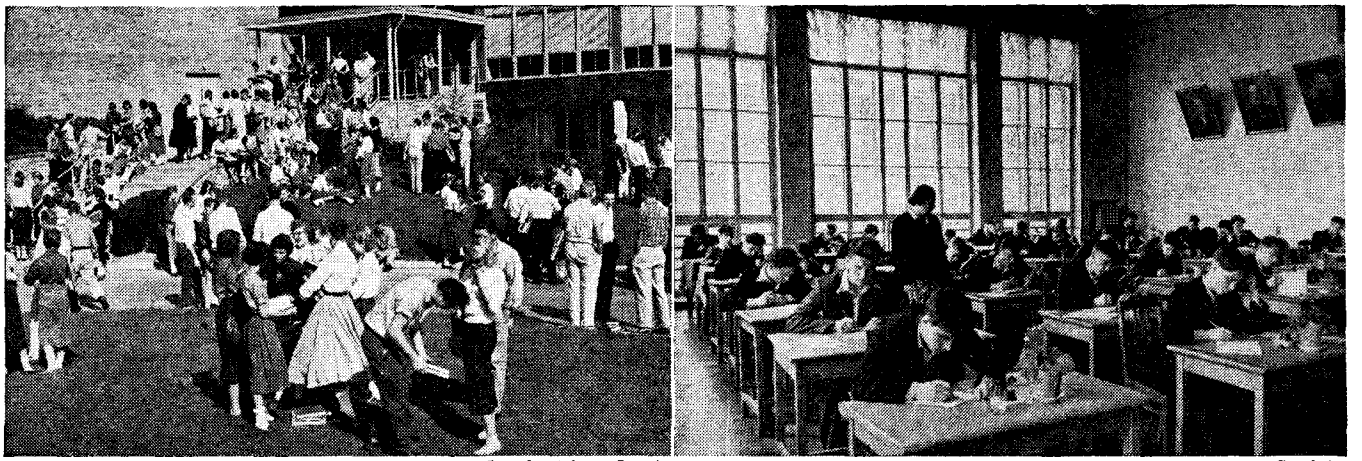
them to the highest level of which they are capable, and then using them as their genius directs—this is the policy which might conceivably save us from destruction. Some one said recently, "A keen mind has become a resource more valuable than uranium . . . The crying need of our country today is the trained mind, the skilled worker, the creative thinker." We shall have to support such a far-reaching plan not only with taxation but with unceasing cooperation.

Indeed, our present problem can be solved only in part by the expenditure of vast sums of money. Deep in the consciousness of a large percentage of Americans is an anti-intellectualism almost sinister in its manifestations, an emotional distrust of the human mind whenever it functions above the twelfth-grade level. Our only half-concealed contempt for or indifference to the operations of scholars and teachers has brought them into disrepute. How can we help being dismayed when we learn from a recent survey that six out of every ten Americans hadn't read a book—not a single book—in the preceding year?

The national habit of measuring success by cash income has inevitably affected the popular judgment on educators. Higher salaries, such as those just announced at Harvard, will naturally improve a professor's status in the community. But it will certainly take some time for public-school teachers, who in the long run must guide every step towards improvement, to attain the living standards of most members of school committees and Parent-Teacher Associations. Here again money cannot do everything. The values of the American people will have to become more spiritual and intellectual and less material.

All this has to some people always seemed important, but it is now important for everybody. We are in direct rivalry with nations which may not possess our money but which have an amazing constructive vitality. Every American should be familiar with Voltaire's oft-quoted aphorism, "History is only the pattern of silken slippers descending the stairs to the thunder of hobnailed boots climbing upward from below"—which is just as appropriate for nations as it is for classes of society. It is nothing new for a vigorous race, adventurous and imaginative, industrious and stoical, to win a place in the sun and have visions of world domination. The pattern from then on is familiar. With prosperity play and pleasure seem more attractive than hard work, and a drop in morale is inevitable. Then is precisely the moment when a fresh people, barbarian perhaps but willing to endure hardships and make sacrifices, has so often risen and overthrown the enervated and demoralized older society.

The symptoms of deterioration are all around us in our apprehensions, our frequent hysteria, our willingness to think that all our sins can be redeemed by an increased budget. In education we have been repeatedly warned by specialists who know their stuff. We need new school buildings and better salaries for teachers, but we need even more some comprehension of the way in which education on the highest levels may be utilized to make us safe and strong. Let us spend money where it is needed, but let us go further. Let us through every possible agency determine just where we stand and just what is required to restore the pioneer spirit. Only by drastic measures can we reverse a trend so reminiscent of what has happened to earlier empires.



—Lambert from Lewis. *—Sovfoto.*

High-school Pennsylvania (left) and Moscow-style—"History is only the pattern of silken slippers descending the stairs to the thunder of hobnailed boots climbing upward from below" (Voltaire).

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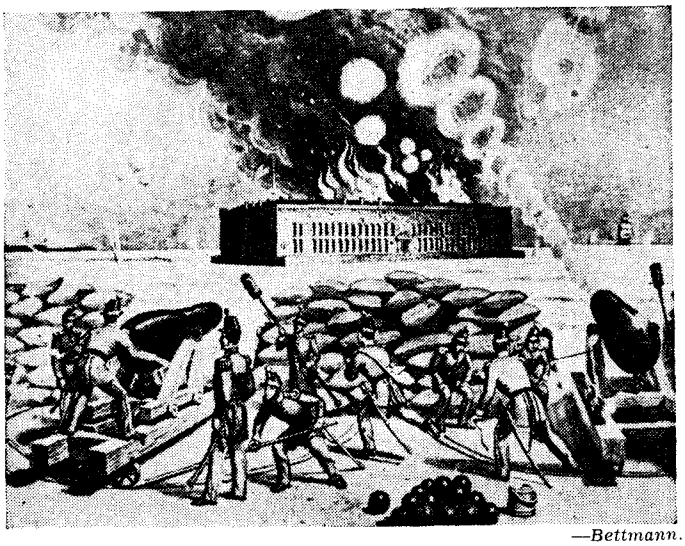


—Bettmann.

Bombardment of Fort Sumter—". . . rocked the Union."

Halving the Union

"First Blood: The Story of Fort Sumter," by W. A. Swanberg *(Scribners. 373 pp. $5.95), tells of the troubles at the little fort in Charleston harbor that precipitated the War Between the States. Mr. Swanberg's study is reviewed by T. Harry Williams, author of "Lincoln and His Generals."*

By T. Harry Williams

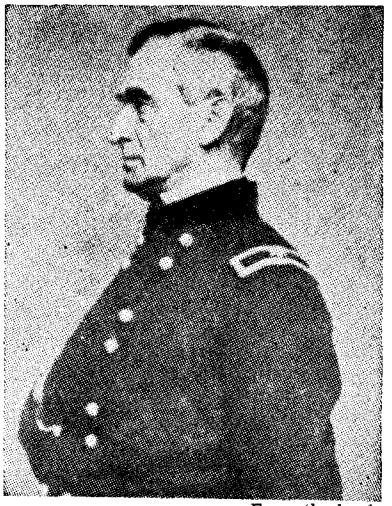
MORE than with any other American war, the beginning of the Civil War is associated with a place. In most of our conflicts the United States, in effect, chose the time and nature of its participation. The Revolution and World War II began at specific places—Lexington and Concord and Pearl Harbor—but these were points selected by the enemy for surprise attacks. The attacks came suddenly and were immediately succeeded by war. But the story of Fort Sumter is different. This little fort in Charleston harbor gripped the attention of the nation for almost six months. It became a symbol of the passions dividing the American people. As W. A. Swanberg notes in his fine study of the pre-Civil War crisis, Sumter represented the North-South quarrel in miniature. The situation at Sumter boiled gradually to an explosion that rocked the Union.

The cast of characters in the Sumter drama was incredibly rich. And the chief actors were either incredibly inept or confused. It is safe to say that in no other crisis in our history were so many maladroit men in positions where they could make decisions affecting the course of events. First there was the President, James Buchanan, who thought that secession was illegal but that the national government had no power to coerce a seceded state back into the Union. There was the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, who was accused of treasonable activities to aid the South but who was probably guilty of nothing more than monumental incompetence. There was the commander at Sumter, Robert Anderson, a Kentuckian tortured by conflicting pulls—sympathy for the South, his duty to the government, and a hatred of war. The supreme irony of the Sumter situation was that Anderson held on to the fort for the purpose of preventing war (he desired peace even at the expense of a divided nation) and then saw his action inspire the North to a frenzy of martial zeal.

Other prominent figures in the Sumter tragedy were General Winfield Scott, the general in chief who was more interested in pronouncing on matters of political policy than in devising military measures to succor Sumter; Francis W. Pickens, the nervous Governor of South Carolina, who threatened to attack the fort on his own before the Confederate government was ready to move; Edmund Ruffin, the fiery and eccentric old Virginian who came down to Charleston to help get a war started, and William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, who entered the picture late and proceeded to muddy further the already roiled waters.

The Democrats controlled the government at the beginning of the crisis and the Republicans at the end, but neither party had a monopoly on ineptness. One of the strangest features of the whole affair was the tendency of high officials to frame personal policies to deal with the situation and to execute them as government projects. Seward, for example, devised a program that he attempted to conceal from Lincoln. It seems clear from Mr. Swanberg's evidence that the only chance of halting the crisis would have been a display of firmness by the national government at the very start. True, the government did not have much to be firm with, but the secessionists at that point had even less. Mr. Swanberg suggests that Washington could have scraped together a thousand soldiers and thrown them into Sumter. Had that been done, the story *might* have had a different ending. But once the situation was allowed to drift, the outcome was certain to be what it was.

The main outline of the Sumter story is well known and has been recited in countless books. But nobody has told it in one place as vividly and completely as Mr. Swanberg does in "First Blood." The drama and the tragedy of Sumter come through to the reader as in few other books. The author has been unusually successful in catching the psychology of the situation. He is particularly adept in delineating the influence of the states' rights dogma on Southerners, showing how they could prepare to destroy the Union in complete consciousness that they were acting legally. This is a study with depth.



—From the book.

Robert Anderson after Sumter.

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Senatorial Paul Bunyan

"Magnificent Missourian," by Elbert B. Smith *(Lippincott. 351 pp. $6), is a portrait of Thomas Hart Benton, one of the first politicians in this country to capitalize on hyperbolic behavior. Roy F. Nichols, who reviews the book, is professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania and the author of "The Disruption of Democracy," which won a Pulitzer Prize.*

By Roy F. Nichols

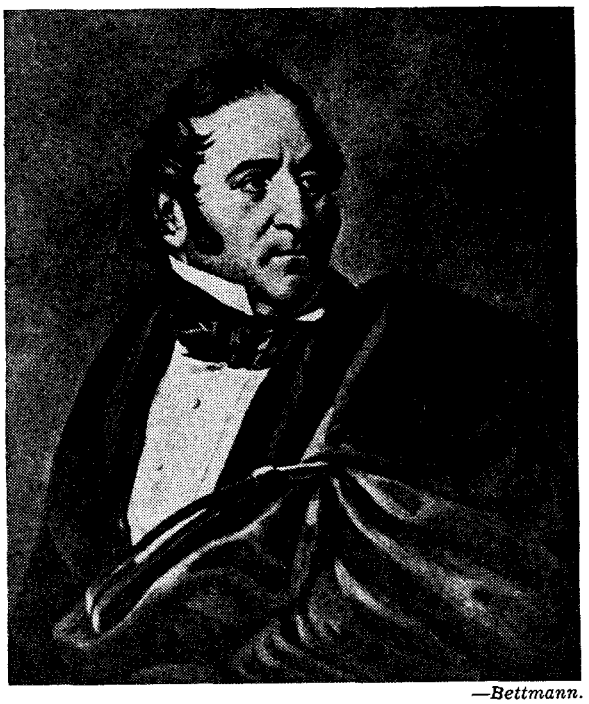
THE WORKINGS of democracy place a premium upon exaggerated behavior. The man who is possessed of or can create a dynamic personality and then operate it with great emphasis in public frequently thereby attracts the attention needed to insure public support. This type of politics was not much in evidence during the first fifty years of the Republic but on the eve of the half-century mark, in the middle 1820s, men of this kidney began to be attractive. Two of the most notorious were Andrew Jackson and Thomas Hart Benton. They were the product of the times and the communities in which they lived and of their experiences in this environment.

In this day of psychiatric interest on the part of biographers, Benton offers a magnificent opportunity for theorizing on the personality situation which was marked by the contradicting characteristics of the lamb and the lion. Although he was a robust infant, he grew up in a family with a tubercular history: in fact, his father died of it when he was a boy, leaving Benton very much the dependent of a mother whom he idolized. This early sense of responsibility, accompanied by grief and fear and a certain tendency to morbid disease-apprehension, produced a confused and sensitive youth, who seemingly sought to convince himself of his own capacity by bombastic behavior. Then he went to the University of North Carolina, where his insecurity led him to steal from his comrades in order to keep up appearances. Caught and expelled, he was driven more than ever to prove to others and to himself that he was a man of courage, capacity, and honor. His manner in frontier Tennessee and in the Army during the rather amazing War of 1812 brought him into personal conflicts, duels, and particularly into a competition in violence with a kindred spirit, Andrew Jackson. By the age of thirty-three Benton found it expedient to leave Tennessee to Jackson and his "puppies," to start over again on the far frontier in Missouri. He was now pompous, quarrelsome, supersensitive, interminably long-winded, and talented.

In 1821—by literally wresting the post from the new state—Benton began a Senatorial career of extraordinary length—thirty years—and spent most of the rest of his life in the District of Columbia. He was one of the most able, contentious and boring of Senators, the associate—friend and foe—of such men as Clay, Calhoun, Jackson, Van Buren, and Polk. Surmounting his early quarrel with Jackson, he became one of the latter's Senatorial leaders. In fact, Jackson thought of him as the man to succeed Van Buren as President. With Clay he could be strangely friendly; however, Calhoun he could only relentlessly hate. His relations with Polk, incidentally, make up one of the most curious and interesting chapters of his life.

During these three decades he worked indefatigably to advance the interests of the West, to push onward the tide of empire, and to open the road to India. He was hostile to Eastern financial interests, particularly the Bank of the United States, which, mindful perhaps of his debt-ridden youth, he attacked as the great example of plundering foes of the poor. He seemed to glory in his position, which became ever more his, of being the oldest, biggest, and most oratorically ponderous of the Senators. His capacity with polysyllabic, unusual, and self-coined words was amazing, and his erudition was tremendous. Benton's ability to sit for long hours writing was prodigious and enabled him, when he was finally defeated, to write one of the largest books of reminiscences which we have. This task was all the more tremendous because, when he had practically completed the second volume, the manuscript and most of his papers were burned, and he had to start all over again. In other words, he was a sort of Senatorial Paul Bunyan.

This is a well-drawn portrait, not quite as complete as Chambers's "Old Bullion Benton," which appeared two years ago, but vivid and revealing. Of Benton's five biographers his last two are by far the best. However, because Benton wrote so much and so exposed himself to public gaze, we shall always wonder just how much he really left for a biographer to do.



—Bettmann.

Thomas Hart Benton—". . . oldest, biggest Senator."

OF BOATS AND BATTLES: R. W. Daly's **"How the Merrimac Won"** (Crowell, $4) is a vigorous and engagingly written polemic, as well as a valid study in strategy of the Civil War's most famous battle. Its conclusion is that the popular version of the *Merrimac*'s story is shot through with "legends" based on misconceptions of the facts.

The *Merrimac*'s destructive rampage against wooden ships in Hampton Roads on March 8, 1862, threw Washington and the Atlantic seaboard into a panic, from which they were relieved twenty-four hours later by the arrival of the *Monitor*. Tactically the spectacular battle was a draw. Neither ship risked a second engagement, and when Norfolk fell, the *Merrimac* had to be destroyed

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by her own people. The *Monitor* lived on, acquiring "legendary" fame as the ship which had prevented the *Merrimac* from breaking the Federal blockade, and which had saved the seaboard. Ericsson's *Monitor* by no means preserved the blockade or saved the seaboard from being raided, argues Mr. Daly, because the *Merrimac* never threatened either. The *Merrimac*, too deep in draft to navigate the Potomac, too unseaworthy to venture three miles out into the open sea, was physically unable to "break the blockade," and was a mere "harbor defense vessel."

Although author Daly indulges in many an intriguing might-have-been concerning the motives of Confederate officials whose complete papers have not yet come to light, the genuine historical value of his book rests in his exegesis of how the *Merrimac* fitted into the general strategic picture. This part of his work is soundly based on the voluminous army, as well as naval, official records of the Civil War. If in its legend-smashing "How the Merrimac Won" is not completely convincing, the book does present a fascinating discussion of strategy and personal relationships in which the *Merrimac* played a significant role. —RICHARD S. WEST, JR.

THE WAR'S START: Roy Meredith, who previously has produced several picture books about the war, including a good study of Mathew B. Brady, has written an account of the opening engagement of the struggle—the attack on Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. Essentially **"Storm Over Sumter"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) is a story of what happened in Sumter, Charleston, Washington, and Montgomery, Ala., between Lincoln's election in November, 1860, and the surrender of Major Robert Anderson's little Federal garrison in April, 1861. Mr. Meredith has written a lively and interesting narrative, but except for a few details he has added nothing to an already familiar story. Nor, except for a thoughtful analysis in the last chapter of the alternatives confronting Anderson, has he given his account much historical depth. He has a convenient villain, John B. Floyd, Buchanan's Secretary of War, who appears here as a traitorous conspirator. Modern historical scholarship has rejected this interpretation of Floyd. Too many factual slips indicate lack of familiarity with basic sources. The errors, including some in names of prominent actors in the scene, would not in a work of larger scope be serious, but there is no excuse for them in a book with such a slender theme. —T. HARRY WILLIAMS.

FICTION

Allegory of Cruelty

—*Horst.*

Romain Gary—". . . believer in life."

"The Roots of Heaven," by Romain Gary *(translated by Jonathan Griffin. Simon & Schuster. 374 pp. $4.50), the 1956 winner of the coveted Goncourt Prize, tells about an idealistic Frenchman who champions the freedom of elephants in Equatorial Africa.*

By Henri Peyre

THERE was a time when typical French novels were supposed to be brief, intense, unilinear, aiming at the sort of concentration in time and place which had been the ideal of French tragedy. From Gide and Colette to Camus and Françoise Sagan, if such names can thus be paired, French authors wielded the *récit* or short novel centered on the inner life of the characters with mastery.

Twice in successive years, with Simone de Beauvoir's "The Mandarins" and Romain Gary's "The Roots of Heaven," the Goncourt Prize was awarded to unwieldy and chaotic works of fiction, defying the classical rules of composition and even of style, but strangely powerful and bursting with life. Gary's novel, the Goncourt winner of December, 1956, aroused controversy in Paris: grammarians and purists attacked it as repetitious, swollen with digressions, teeming with obcurities and incorrect sentences. But the novel survived and sold by tens of thousands. It now appears in a fluent translation, with cuts and alterations for which the author himself is responsible. It should delight those readers who have lately assailed the French novel as over-introspective, pessimistic, and morbid. Romain Gary is a believer in life, action, freedom, an idealistic lover of exotic nature and of beasts. His heroes are the elephants of Equatorial Africa.

Morel, a Frenchman who endured the horrors of German concentration camps, emerged from his nightmarish experience as a crusader for all that mechanically enslaves or crushes men, animals, and nature in the modern age. He undertook a campaign to preserve the roots of heaven, as they are called in the Islamic world, planted by God in the depths of the human soul. He was revolted by the big-game hunters and other bearers of the white man's burden who murder thirty thousand elephants a year to adorn their zoos (out of one hundred baby elephants captured for zoos, eighty die in the first days) or to provide ivory for paper knives and billiard balls. To him, elephants were not only the noblest and kindest of beasts, but symbols of freedom and, like freedom, treated contemptuously and dismissed as an anachronism by efficient champions of civilization.

Morel began by asking his friends to sign a petition to preserve elephants. The only signer was Minna, a German woman who, at seventeen, had been raped by Russian soldiers in Berlin, reduced to prostitution by German protectors, and, deprived of many illusions about the European man, had become a hostess in the bar at a Fort-Lamy hotel. She shared Morel's quixotic dreams and, when the novel ends, it is through her answers to the prosecutor that we learn retrospectively the facts and the mysterious motives of the savior of elephants, whom the white administrators accused of "having changed species."

The complex story is told through a series of monologues by half a dozen characters, the chief ones being a kindly skeptic, Saint-Denis, who sympathizes with Morel's idealism, and a priest, who stands clearly for

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the late anthropologist and philosopher, Father Teilhard de Chardin.

Morel's idealism carried him to crimes. He took to the bush and avenged his friends, the elephants, by shooting several of their hunters, notably a powerful American journalist, Ornando, humorously caricatured, who protected the odd Frenchman who had wounded him. A band of African natives gathered around Morel and utilized the friend of the elephants for their own nationalistic aims. One of them, Waitari, is vividly portrayed. In the end, Morel died, probably at the hands of one of his African allies, who thus hoped to foment a myth around Morel as a white man who died for African independence. Some hard truths about African nationalism had dawned on Morel's idealistic mind. But his hatred for the worst aspects of a utilitarian civilization whose logical end is forced-labor camps never deserted him. "He believed in something clean" is the epitaph whispered by those who knew him.

FAULKNER'S technique must have been studied and has indeed been mastered by Romain Gary, now French Consul in Los Angeles and long French representative at the United Nations in New York.

"The Roots of Heaven" is often involved in its sentence structure, unshapely in construction, only half credible in its characterization. Yet it achieves dramatic power. The hero imposes himself less vividly upon the reader than the secondary characters and the splendid descriptions of equatorial scenery. The message of the novel is obvious in its allegorical form. "Moby Dick" and other allegories such as Camus' "The Plague" are called to mind. Good and evil are not clearly differentiated as in a Sunday-school story. But the Russian-born, French diplomatic Gary, whose "European Education" was one of the most moving books on the Resistance, asserts here his impassioned plea for the salvation of a world threatened by cruelty and injustice, of which man is a victim or an accomplice. Romain Gary, who lost six out of eight members of his family in World War II, who is one of the five survivors of the two hundred aviators with whom he fought in 1940, has the right to warn us, in this moving tale, of the perils threatening us. "I believe in individual freedom, in tolerance and in the rights of man," he declared when his book appeared in Paris. "They may appear to some as the unfashionable and anachronistic elephants, cumbersome survivors of a bygone geological era: that of humanism. But I refuse to believe it."

Probing an Old Salt

"The New England Story," by Henry Beetle Hough *(Random House. 346 pp. $3.95), is a novel, by the editor of* The Vineyard Gazette, *about a present-day editor-writer's revealing investigation into the life of a renowned whaling captain.*

By Ralph Nading Hill

"AS I see it, the real trouble between New England and sex was a failure to achieve true romantic spirit except rarely and momentarily. The conflict was not so much between lust and a stern morality as between romance and inelegance." Thus Edgecomb Hartwell, an aspiring editor and writer, sums up his inquiry into the affairs of Captain Enoch Adams of Dinton Port, a once bustling but now drowsy and spinsterish whaling town.

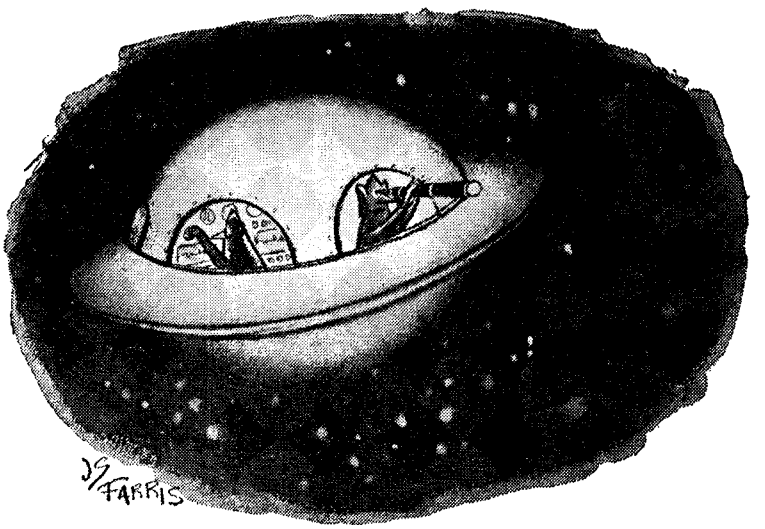
Discovering the truth about Captain Adams from his descendants is important because the Captain was shipmaster to Archer Templeton, who wrote a whaling classic called "Bildad's Locker." Any new light, therefore, that can be shed upon the character of Adams will have enormous consequences in the literary world. In this way the author of "The New England Story" makes frequent and possibly disparaging references to what has become the cult of Herman Melville.

Mr. Hough's novel is not about the sea. It searches for a true portrait of New England character among the gallery of wives and descendants of Captain Adams and his son, Argalis. It has a curious and somewhat contrived flashback structure in which the narrators for the first half of the book take an active part in the second.

When Hartwell arrives in Dinton Port to begin his research he obtains lodging at the house of Harriet Crandall, who, although not related to the Adams family, has been mixed up in its affairs most of her life. Through the calculating Miss Harriet in her faded pink wrapper Hartwell eventually gains the information he seeks about Captain Adams. In the meantime she, and not Captain Adams, emerges as the strongest, most authentic and interesting character in the book, which may or may not have been the intention of the author. Even with the bones of his personal life laid bare, Enoch Adams remains comparatively indistinct and this may be owing to Mr. Hough's technique of introducing masses of exposition about him and his three wives through a narrator.

However, none of the usual cardboard characters in the historical romance are to be found here. Amy and Charlotte, the Captain's first two wives, particularly, are believable New England types, and his two living granddaughters—the introverted Miriam and her young half-sister, Nancy (who falls in love with Edgecomb Hartwell)—behave according to blood lines and environment. Mr. Hough's ears, from long listening, are carefully tuned to New England colloquialisms. His exact knowledge of whaling history and the sights, sounds, and smells of a small salt water port serve him well.

Although this is not a pretentious book—certainly not *the* New England story—Mr. Hough writes sensitively, yet with fast pace, and surrounds his narrative in atmosphere as authentically New England as the ring of a Paul Revere bell.



"It's a bird—it's a plane—it's . . ."

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Frontier Esprit

"O Genesee," by Janet O'Daniel *(Lippincott. 350 pp. $3.95), is a novel about pioneer life in the Genesee Valley and the long conflict between a social rebel and a community leader.*

By Shirley Barker

WHEN Cyrus Fairchild traveled on foot from the valley of the Hudson to the valley of the Genesee in the spring of 1799 he had a thousand dollars in his money belt and a spirit of hopefulness rather than adventure in his heart. He liked the look of the wild, free, fertile country where he planned to establish a home for his wife and young family, but he was inclined to distrust the rough frontier folk, particularly Marcus Hook, with whom he had to share a bed that first night at the tavern in the tiny village of Canandaigua. Marcus, although hardly more than a lad, was a big man in the new country, and Cyrus aspired to be a big man, too, but according to a different measure of bigness. Marcus was the pioneer, the trader, the social rebel, while Cyrus saw himself as a landowner, church pillar, and community leader.

Their ways often crossed; sometimes necessity drove them into an uneasy friendship, and sometimes they opposed each other in open war, as in later years when Marcus came courting Cyrus's young daughter, Helen. It is to the credit of the novelist who unfolds their story that she has idealized neither.

The story is told against a background of a half-cleared hunting territory growing into a country of settled farms and neat villages. Its climax occurs during the War of 1812 with the sort of crash ending that has tempted all storytellers since the days of Hamlet. But Miss O'Daniel handles it well. An experienced newspaperwoman, she writes smoothly in a simple, direct style. Her minor characters are convincing, and she recaptures the real spirit of life in a frontier community, where everyone is roughhewn and foursquare, able to stand alone, and yet, at times, so abjectly dependent on the abounding goodwill of the neighbors. The love story has a surprise twist and is told with color and passion, yet with enough restraint to keep her from being classed with the "plunging neckline" school.

STRANGER IN THE SADDLE: "A Man to Ride With" (Lippincott, $3.50), by Jack Farris, combines a classic motif of the Western (the Lone Stranger gambit) with the intense feeling of place which marks the regional novel. The region is a river basin in an unnamed South-Central state in the early years of the century, and the loner is an ex-cowpoke named Chad Walters, who rides into the basin country to claim a farm left him by his father. Chad immediately runs afoul of the ornery local types called "gumbo rats," who do some desultory farming, energetic drinking, and devote their surplus energies to detesting strangers. After Chad throws a family of gumbo squatters named Boone off his land, he cements a first-class vendetta by marrying their daughter Lochinvar-style, compounding the simmering malevolence that lends a fine tautness to this novel.

Chad may be silent but he is also strong, and he is more than a match for his wife Emma's feuding kinfolk, who only outnumber him four to one. With the inbred Emma herself his problem is more complex; the two have some rough going before they are able to surmount the barriers created by Emma's clannishness and Chad's reserve. Mr. Farris shapes this amalgam of action and locale into swift-moving and exciting story.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

COOL CALEDONIAN: "Whatever you may be inside you, Ringan . . . you are January ice outside." Thus speaks the Countess de Chevereuil in Elizabeth Linington's **"Monsieur Janvier"** (Doubleday, $3.95) to her Caledonian boy friend, Ringan Monteith, who has left his chilly heath to study painting at the atelier Chardin. The countess marks her man well, for Ringan is indeed a cool customer (a six-foot-two, steel-nerved Highlander) in spite of his propensity for daubing. And when Ringan learns that his family has been wiped out by the perfidious English after the Battle of Culloden, and that their estates have been appropriated by a neighboring turncoat—he assumes the countess's pet name for him as an incognito, and journeys to London vengeance-bound. In eighteenth-century London M. Janvier runs across Hogarth, Garrick, and eventually his family's betrayer. The crux of Elizabeth Linington's novel is the conflict in her hero's churning personality between the demands of honor and conscience, which cannot both be satisfied by the kind of total retribution that vengeance demands. Miss Linington makes an entertaining historical romance out of Ringan's dilemma.

—M. L.

—*Yachin Hirsch.*

Margalit and Herbert Russcol—"honesty and excitement."

ISRAELI LIFE: Few novels about Israel possess the honesty and excitement of **"Kilometer 95,"** by Herbert Russcol and Margalit Banai, a husband-and-wife writing team (Houghton Mifflin, $4).

Most of the action takes place in 1955 at Tel Shamir, an Israeli settlement outpost in the Negev. The United Nations has a truce team in the area, and Arabs and Jews are at each other's throats. Everyone's side is explained in some detail by the authors, but what is projected most eloquently are the people of Israel, living close by the revengeful Arabs who want to destroy them.

The hero is Nachum Giladi, a former member of the Stern gang, a terrorist organization that played havoc with the British before the establishment of the state. Inasmuch as Israel is seven years old in this story, the glamour of terrorism has been washed away, and Nachum is a cynical, frustrated ex-leader who dislikes the Israeli Government, its leaders, and the glib patriotic patter of the people whom he meets.

But when he comes to Tel Shamir as an escape from his restlessness and meets Tamar, a girl with whom he had a tense but casual brush in the days of the British Mandate, Nachum realizes that he has something to fight for.

The authors do not scant some of the negative aspects of Israeli life. Color prejudice is an integral part of one of the subplots; criticism of the Government and its leaders is not muted; the harshness of border living is emphasized. Because of this mixture of candor and emotion, "Kilometer 95" is a vivid re-creation of what it means to live in Israel today.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

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"Architect of Stalemate"?

***"Winston Churchill and the Second Front," by Trumbull Higgins** (Oxford University Press. 281 pp. $6), seeks to prove that the former British Prime Minister's policy during World War II retarded victory. Our critic, Forrest C. Pogue, is author of "The Supreme Command."*

By Forrest C. Pogue

"ARCHITECT of stalemate" is Professor Higgins's title for the former Prime Minister in this sweeping attack on British "peripheral" or "Mediterranean" strategy in World War II. Rather than accepting the view advanced by Chester Wilmot, Hanson Baldwin, and others that "Churchill was right," he has sifted through a mass of memoirs, reports, and official histories for evidence to prove his thesis that the British policy delayed victory and damaged Anglo-American solidarity.

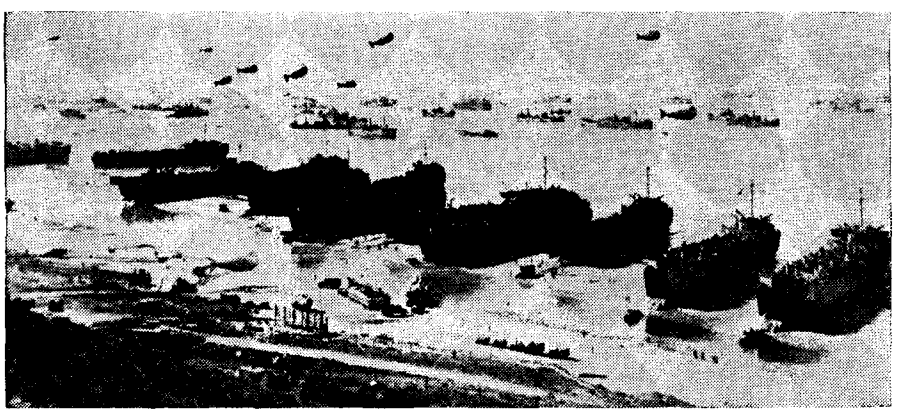
In his preface the author deprecates "official history's inherent fear of fundamental or even explicit conclusions." He suffers from no such inhibitions, and he sometimes uses the works of official historians and other writers as authority for conclusions they either did not draw or felt they could not draw from the original documents. The gusto with which he prosecutes his case against the British leader indicates his total agreement with the statement of Lord Acton that a historian must be "not only a judge but a 'hanging judge' as well."

No one can deal with Mr. Churchill without being strongly impressed by the volatile and contradictory elements of his personality, and Mr. Higgins has shown effectively how his foibles influenced strategy in two world wars. He has explained the part played in the British statesman's thinking by his aristocratic background, by his desire to advance the interests of Empire, by his dislike for democratic, mass warfare, and by his virtual obsession with the necessity of avoiding heavy casualties.

What is less clear is the real purpose of Churchill and the British in regard to the Stimson-Marshall-Eisenhower plan for a cross-Channel attack. Churchill, himself, writing in 1950, reminded his critics that his first paper prepared after Pearl Harbor said that the war "can only be ended through the defeat in Europe of the German armies, or through internal convulsions in Germany produced by the unfavorable course of the war, economic privations, and the Allied bombing offensive." In an argument which Mr. Higgins never satisfactorily meets, Sir Arthur Bryant declares in "The Turn of the Tide" that Field Marshal Alanbrooke—not the Prime Minister—was the true architect of British strategy, and that it was his purpose from the beginning to follow the North African and Italian operations with the cross-Channel attack. Professor Higgins holds that Churchill never intended to have a cross-Channel attack until the power of Germany had been broken either by the strength of the Soviet armies, by Allied bombing, or by some other means, and that he used all his powers of persuasion to draw the Americans further and further into Mediterranean schemes while promising deceptively that he would ultimately agree to the cross-Channel attack.

It is likely that the true answer to Mr. Churchill's purpose lies somewhere in between these suggestions. The Prime Minister's long career offers ample evidence—some, indeed, presented in Mr. Higgins's book—to indicate that he seldom adhered precisely to a single long-range plan; that he took up new operations as he once changed parties; that while he hated the thought of bodies floating in the Channel, he also relished the thought of British forces returning in triumph to beaches they had once evacuated; that while he was less interested than Roosevelt in unconditional surrender, he positively wanted to destroy Hitler and his regime. Mr. Higgins gives us an excellent picture of the protean Churchill, but he complicates his task by trying to prove that the Prime Minister was merely attempting to camouflage a consistently-held scheme to sabotage American plans.

The author also borrows trouble in portraying the debate on strategy as the opposition of a British Anglican tradition, favoring opportunism and limited solutions, to an American Calvinistic tradition, favoring total solutions and a direct approach. Such oversimplification, which reduces the disagreements to a matter of differences in ideology and temperament, ignores the other real differences between the Allies in manpower reserves, economic resources, types of military establishments and traditions,



—*Wide World.*

Omaha Beach—first thrust against Germans.

CHURCHILL RE D-DAY: "Complete unity prevails throughout the Allied Armies. There is a brotherhood in arms between us and our friends of the United States. There is complete confidence in the Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, and his lieutenants, and also in the commander of the Expeditionary Force, General Montgomery. The ardor and spirit of the troops, as I saw myself, embarking in these last few days was splendid to witness. Nothing that equipment, science, or forethought could do has been neglected, and the whole process of opening this great new front will be pursued with the utmost resolution both by the commanders and by the United States and British Governments whom they serve."
—*From "Triumph and Tragedy," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).*

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geographical position, casualty rates in World War I, domestic politics, colonial interests, and the like.

Despite these criticisms, it is hard to escape the force of the following conclusions presented by Professor Higgins as to the weaknesses of the British Mediterranean strategy: 1) at no time between 1941-44 did the Germans have the manpower and equipment to fight on two fronts; 2) the North African operation diverted our efforts from the main theatre so that Hitler in 1943 may well have congratulated himself on getting a year's immunity on the Continent at the relatively low cost of 125,000 men in the Mediterranean fighting; 3) it took an average of twelve Allied divisions some two and one-half years to drive approximately the same number of enemy divisions from Egypt across Africa into northern Italy, and "at the end of several bitterly contested campaigns the greatest natural barrier in Europe, the Alps, still lay between the Anglo-American armies and the Reich"; 4) war conducted according to Churchill's strategy "played right into the hands of German policy. . . ."

Tale of Brave, Stumbling Men

"Northwest Africa: Seizing the Initiative in the West," by George F. Howe *(Office of the Chief of Military History. 748 pp. $7.75), is the first of six volumes that will chronicle the Army's operations in the Mediterranean theatre. Gordon Harrison, who reviews this official history, is* The Detroit News's *military analyst.*

By Gordon Harrison

TO DAMN a book it is almost sufficient to call it official history, and to praise official history it seems almost necessary to protest that this one book is different, not like the species that runs to pious falsehoods tediously told. The fact is, however, that one would be unfair to George Howe's study of the North African campaign to rate it as anything more or less than official history, and one would be dull indeed not to recognize it as splendid—not despite its character and limitations but wholly within them.

This book is the first published, as well as chronologically the first, of six volumes to recount the U. S. Army's operations in the Mediterranean theatre, and the thirty-eighth book to be published in the Army's vast history of itself in World War II. Dr. Howe's part is a large and important one. The invasion of North Africa in November, 1942 was not only the first step in seizing the initiative in the West; it was the first American ground action against Germany, the first testing of U. S. troops in full-scale offensive action anywhere, the first considerable amphibious attack, the fateful trying-out of the strategy of the Western Allies, the blooding of the Anglo-American high command that would at last crush Hitler's Germany.

Operation Torch was a strange first act, full of awkwardness and courage. Although the French decided to oppose the landings for complex reasons of honor, policy, and discipline, their opposition was dispirited and ineffective. And very lucky that was. The Allies had quite enough trouble getting ashore without anyone's trying to stop them. Against resistance the complicated plans and tenderfoot execution could easily have compiled a terrible tragedy of errors. As it was, the whole maneuver struck a faintly incredible air, which Dr. Howe conveys in a smooth, deadpan style that makes no obvious distinction between great deeds and small.

At one point he remarks how civilian curiosity hampered the battle ashore. "A soldier would snake his way painfully through rocks and rubble to set up a light machine gun, raise his head cautiously to aim, and find a dozen natives clustered solemnly around him. Street intersections [at Safi] were crowded with natives turning their heads like a tennis gallery trying to watch the exchange of fire." The reader under Dr. Howe's guidance has a similar view of the extraordinary proceedings, in which nothing on either side went as it should and yet all turned out all right.

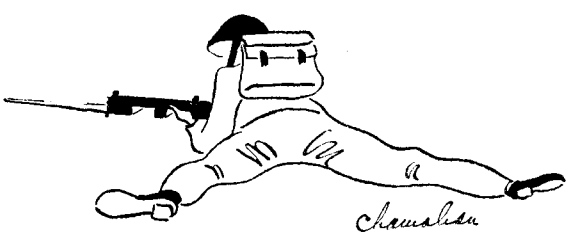
Within a week of the landings top French leaders in North Africa had not only ended token resistance but had decided to join the fight against the Axis. It is not Dr. Howe's primary business to recount the semipolitical negotiations with Admiral Darlan which so aroused American opinion at the time. His story nevertheless makes clear beyond argument why we dealt with Darlan and why we had no alternative. At the same time he pins on the Army commanders smaller but finally more damning derelictions in dealing with the divided French.

Operation Torch and a little more than half of Dr. Howe's book of 677 pages of text end with the move into Tunisia to meet Rommel's forces retreating from El Alamein. The hard fighting and critical test of American command come thereafter. Although Dr. Howe's battle narratives, drily told, are rather less satisfactory than his spirited reconstructions of landings and negotiations, he is thorough and ingenious in making the battle patterns emerge comprehensibly, and particularly good in detailing the command decisions of the Germans. Kasserine Pass in this version seems oddly bloodless yet remains absorbing as a chessboard maneuver.

Not many nontechnical readers will be likely to read every one of Dr. Howe's words. Thousands should enjoy owning his book to sample its scholarship and ponder its meticulous tale of brave, stumbling men.

IRRITATING LITTLE ISLAND: Adolf Hitler could never make up his mind what to do about England, the irritating little island so impervious to logic that it would neither join him when the joining was good nor surrender after resistance had become obviously impossible. One result of the Fuehrer's indecision was the futile tragedy of the period from September, 1940, to May, 1941, when in accord with changing military plans—or no plans at all—some 24,000 tons of high explosive were dropped down on London.

The resulting death and destruction had almost no significance except to those who suffered it. The story of the blitz is therefore the story of the men and women under the bombs—householders, firemen, and wardens. Constantine Fitzgibbon, in **"The Winter of the Bombs"** (Norton, $3.95), has told it that way, in considerable part in the words of survivors. It makes a human, often exciting tale. —G. H.



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A Clowning Out of the Void

"Dada," edited by Willy Verkauf *(translated by H. A. G. Schmuckler. George Wittenborn. 188 pp. $10), is a collection of articles about an art movement dedicated to Non-Sense in protest against the insanities that represented Sense during World War I and the early Twenties. This monograph is reviewed by Hans Richter, who was himself associated with Dadaism.*

By Hans Richter

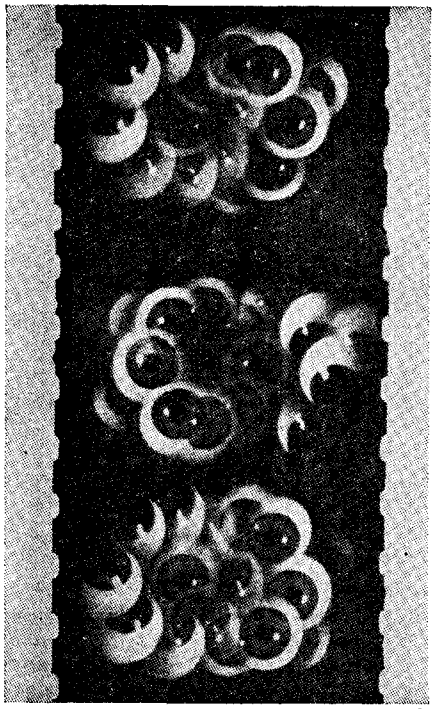
TODAY, forty years after the explosion of a violent, short-lived, international art movement, Dada certainly has been rediscovered.

It had been nearly forgotten and discarded as a mainly destructive and totally undignified rebellion of the period. But suddenly it is found worthy of attention. The creative impulse and source of many valid expressions of twentieth-century spirit and art can be traced back to it. There are again Dada exhibitions in New York, Paris, Switzerland, and Italy. Serious scholars investigate; libraries collect and collectors buy; a Canadian professor at the Sorbonne is working, as he has for years, on a 1,000-page thesis on Dada. In short intervals bigger and better books about this movement have appeared than we ever thought possible when Dadaism was the scourge of Zurich, New York, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, and Rome.

These books deal with the justified questions: What is it all about? When did it occur? Who were the devotees? Where did it all lead to?

The answers were printed and illustrated four years ago in "The Dada Painters and Poets." This first, monumental endeavor to make sense of a movement which insisted that Non-Sense was a very qualified part of Sense took seven years, liquidated two printing firms, and brought the publisher, Wittenborn; the editor, Robert Motherwell, and those of us who tried to be cooperative on the verge of giving up altogether. When the book finally appeared it did answer the above questions but often enough contradictorily.

This new book, which just appeared is simply called "Dada." It is edited by Willy Verkauf and has as co-



—*From the book.*

Dadaistic film study by Hans Richter.

editors Marcel Janco, one of the original Dada members, and Hans Bolliger. Less ambitious than "The Dada Painters and Poets," it concentrates chiefly upon the original Zurich-limited movement which initiated the international one and gave it, in 1916, its much disputed name.

Whereas "The Dada Painters and Poets" is a reference work, "Dada" is more like a pamphlet-in-book-form. In layout, typography, rough paper, etc. it carries out the original Dada spirit and behavior better than the earlier book. It does not even try to avoid or to cover up the contradictory aspects of this movement.

Into the six seriously inclined articles by Verkauf, Janco, Huelsenbeck, Richter, Kreidler, and Klein-Blaukopf are interspersed the ephemeral data of Dada activities: the announcements, posters, invitations, and so on, which are today perhaps even more interesting than they were forty years ago, and just as surprising. They are documents of the most furious rebellion in the history of modern art, "a wild tangle of contradictions and paradoxes which," according to Huelsenbeck, "was, however, held together by its very discrepancy."

One may find an explanation for the violent protest of this small group of artists and poets—including French, American, German, Austrian, Rumanian, and Russian nationals—in the fact that they all were sitting there and alive side by side in the Café Odeon in Zurich when elsewhere their respective fatherlands tried to destroy each other. The whole dead-earnest Reality—the war, the generals, the governments, the schools, the arts, all that they had experienced in their young lives, everything that was called Sense—looked like a dying Non-Sense. And, comparatively, the so-called Non-Sense became a form of living, of living protest, a protesting Sense: "What we call 'Dada'," said Hugo Ball, "is a clowning out of the void, a void in which all the sublime questions are entangled."

The new "Dada" book dedicates ten pages to the chronology of historical events as a parallel to Dadaist happenings, as if these two had a reciprocal influence upon each other.

What then does it all add up to?

Artists and poets were swept together by a timely revolt against reason, a reason which proved itself invalid and deadly. They lived this experience together and expressed it together in a very articulate and rebellious way, as revolting as they felt reality was. The revolt penetrated their work, their forms of expression: the "Law of Chance" a new discovery! Arp's collages new vistas! The accident in the hands of the artist! But at the same time the desire for more and stricter discipline was voiced. Eggeling and I searched into what we called later "a universal language of form." If there was a "Law of Chance," then there should be, by the same logic, a "Law of Rule"—to make the "Law of Chance" meaningful: abstract art free *and* disciplined, sound poems, Bruitism in music, masked dancers for the ballet.

But if the Zurich group stood for art as a true form of freedom, Duchamp (with his Ready-mades) and Man Ray in New York and Huelsenbeck and Haussman in Berlin denied strictly any use for art in our twentieth-century society. They proclaimed Anti-Art as the only true program and the meaning of Dada.

It is this extreme and negative Anti-Art aspect that for a long time has stood exclusively for Dada. Wrongly! One of the great assets of the new "Dada" book is that it also shows the other side of the movement —the way we experienced it and as it looked to us who made it. This anthology is intelligent, amusing, authentic, and very readable.

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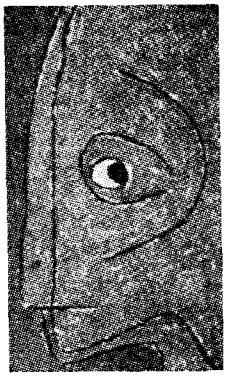
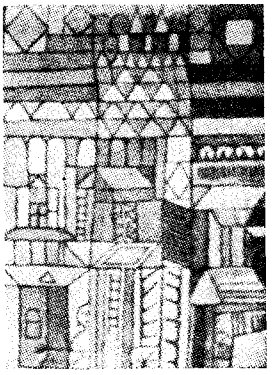
"Clown," 1929.

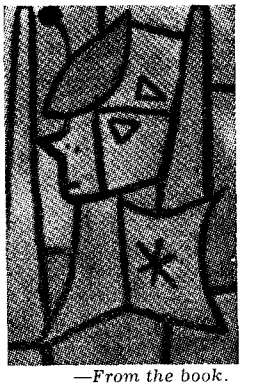


"Glance from Egypt," 1937.



"Early Chill," 1937.

"Guardian Angel," 1939.



—*From the book.*

"Sailor," 1940.

A World Made Visible

"Klee: A Study of His Life and Work," by Gualtieri di San Lazzaro *(translated from the Italian by Stuart Hood. Frederick A. Praeger. 304 pp. $5.75), probes the character and vision of an important twentieth-century artist. Georgine Oeri, who reviews the book, was formerly on the staff of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York City.*

By Georgine Oeri

SCARCELY more than twenty years ago (in 1935) an exhibition of Paul Klee's work in Berne was received with suspicion. The story is reported that when, shortly afterwards, the fugitive from German Nazism applied to the Swiss for citizenship, he was denied it on the grounds that the kind of art he produced was detrimental to the reputation of the country. A painting of a little field "with too many cows in it" had aroused an official's disapproval. "People abroad will say that we have not sufficient pasture for our cattle."

The story is likely one of those that never happened exactly this way. But the fact is very likely, besides, that there was not "sufficient pasture" for an artist of Klee's kind and stature anywhere at that time so far as officials were concerned. Since then neither his reputation nor his work is questioned any longer, and a great number of critical studies and monographs have opened general understanding of and acceptance for his manifold contributions to contemporary experience.

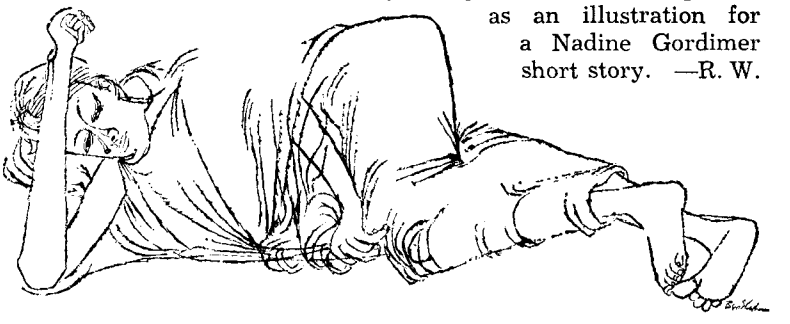
The present publication—similar in appearance to the twin-brother publication on Picasso brought out by the same publisher a year ago—has primarily the purpose and the merit of making Klee's work easily accessible for popular consumption. For a very reasonable price it offers on its 300 pages a wealth of material and information: 380 reproductions of oils and drawings, eighty of them in color, a catalogue of principal works, biographical notes, an account of Paul Klee's own writings and of the principal exhibitions of his work, as well as a selected bibliography. All this is presented in a handy format with a pleasant layout. Moreover, the text by the editor of the Parisian art review *XX Siècle* guides the reader in a lively, unassuming way into Klee's world or, rather, into the world created and rendered visible by him.

In view of all these advantages the reader may not mind that the book contains quite a few inaccuracies of the kind that careless editing leaves overlooked: printing errors in reference numbers and dates (Kandinsky is born twenty years too late), and misspelling of names (Franz Biel for Franz Blei, David-Henry for Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, Wolds for Wols), and the like.

Were it not for these mistakes one would feel exclusively compassionate (and not annoyed) with the editor's problem regarding the intricacies in translating Klee's picture titles. It is difficult to find a proper equivalent in any language for the artist's poetic metaphors, which are as much the product of a singular and subtle im-

(*Continued on page* 33)

"ARCHITECTURE AND THE HUMAN FIGURE—these have always been the complementary focal points of Shahn's absorption in the world of reality around him," writes art critic James Thrall Soby in his evaluative introductory essay to **"Ben Shahn"** (Braziller, $10), the first book devoted entirely to the contemporary American artist's graphic works. More than 100 reproductions (eight in full color) of his illustrations, posters, drawings range in mood from witty satire to vigorous social protest. The particularly sympathetic drawing of the young girl shown below appeared as an illustration for a Nadine Gordimer short story. —R. W.



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Wanted: Two Billion Angry Men

THERE is no point in talking about the possibility of a war breaking out. The war is already being fought. It is being waged by national sovereignties against human life.

It is true that national sovereignties are arrayed against each other under conflicting ideological banners. But the consequence of this conflict will not be victory by one over the other. The consequence can only be a mass cheapening of life or its elimination from this planet.

Everything being done by the national sovereignties to advance their supposed security succeeds only in intensifying the peril to life on earth. The weapons they are making are an advanced form of the competition between the sovereignties. Should these weapons be used, the nations behind the sovereignties will be pulverized and the humans along with them. The hope of the statesmen, of course, is to create a balance of terror so that neither side will dare to attack. But the same hideous momentum that produced the weapons can lead to their use. Neither side will be made secure by the fact that the other side possesses the means of instantaneous, devastating attack. Neither side will feel under the obligation to wait until it is hit first. It is upon such a frail reed that the cause of life on earth is now made to rest.

It is wrong to say that nuclear explosives are being tested; they are being used. Every time one of the explosives is fired human beings are hurt. Just in the act of exploding a test nuclear bomb, life-destroying materials are put into the air. These explosions form no ordinary clouds; they are not dispersed by the winds; they retain their ability to poison and kill for more than two dozen years. With each bomb the canopy of poison above the earth grows heavier. Not long ago only one nation was involved in this kind of experimentation. Today, three nations are contributing to the general poisoning. Tomorrow, perhaps a half-dozen or more national sovereignties will insist on their right to add their own portions of poison to the sky.

There is no disagreement about one aspect of such general testing. All experts agree that at some point the burden of poison will become heavier than human life can sustain. The only disagreement has to do with when that point will be reached. Also, whether the amount of poison already in the air has caused widespread harm or only limited harm. In short, whether 10,000 persons will die this year of leukemia produced by the bomb poisons in the atmosphere or whether only one-fourth or one-fifth that number will die.

The men at the head of sovereign nations are helpless to deal with the onrushing peril. They are part of something unworkable as it concerns the making of world peace, for unfettered sovereignty today is an unworkable concept. It makes no difference how benign or well-intentioned are the men who represent the sovereignties. So long as their ultimate aim is to maintain the present station of a nation above law, the statesmen will work at opposite ends from what human life requires in order to be sustained on this planet.

In a very real sense, the statesmen are trying to deal with the problems of yesterday rather than the problems of today and tomorrow. It is true that the Second World War was brought on in large part because the free nations of the world were weak and disarmed. But if disarmament a generation ago was no answer, neither is an armaments race today the answer. If an arms race leads to war and if war leads to the liquidation of both freedom and life, then the arms race offers not military security but the prospect of mutual suicide.

Here the advocates of unfettered national sovereignty argue that they would rather take their chances with an arms race ending in mutual suicide than with the danger of being disarmed in the face of almost certain Communist world conquest. If these were the only alternatives then something might be said for the arms race. But these are not the only alternatives. Neither disarmament nor armament can create a peace. Real peace depends on the amount of support that can be mobilized in the world for transforming the United Nations into a body with the effective powers of world law.

So long as peace is pursued under present methods; so long as each nation is allowed to retain the right and the capacity to destroy millions of human beings; so long as nations are allowed to engage in the kind of acts which are forbidden inside their countries to individual citizens; so long as lawlessness is the normal way of life among nations—so long as these conditions prevail there can be no peace.

It is not true that only the totalitarian states are opposed to a world under law. The free nations have yet to make the specific proposals that go as far beyond sovereignty as is necessary to make world law work.

MEANWHILE, what the world needs today are two billion angry men who will make it clear to their national leaders that the earth does not exist for the purpose of being a stage for the total destruction of man. Two billion angry men can insist that the world's resources be utilized for human good. They can demand that the nations stop using the sky as an open sewer for radioactive poisons, and that an end be put to the uncontrolled devices that pursue future generations by way of damaged genes. They can compel the nations to end the long age of the cave and begin a real civilization. A war is now being waged against the world's peoples and they have the need and duty to defend themselves. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CASE HISTORY I

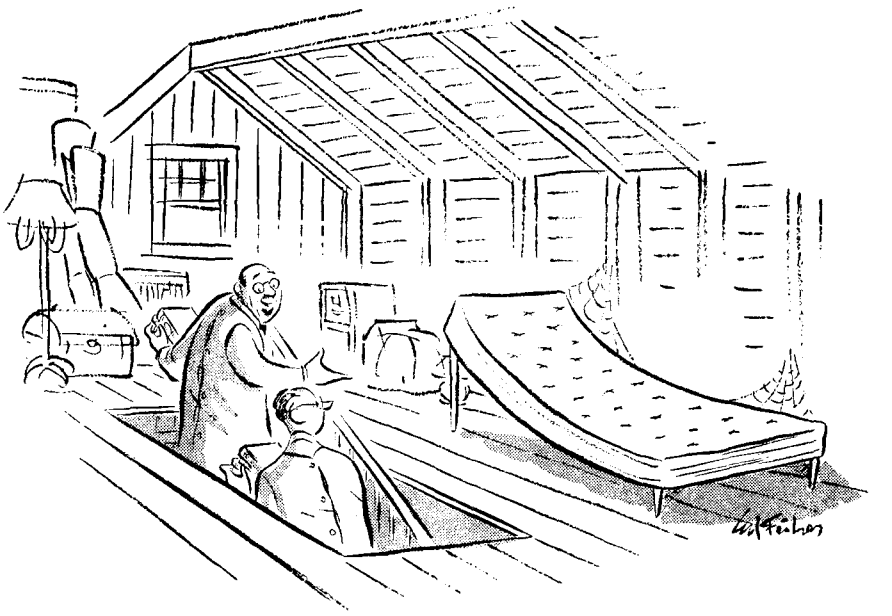
RODERIC L. O'CONNOR'S defense of the State Department's passport policy (*SR* Jan. 11) would be more convincing if it did not misrepresent the facts. I had occasion to apply for a passport some months ago, for purely business reasons. The application was rejected on the grounds that my trip to Belgium "would not be in the best interests of the United States." There was no further explanation, but none of the arguments which Mr. O'Connor advances would seem to apply. I am not, and have never been, a member of the Communist Party. I could hardly associate with Communists if I wished to do so, since I have seen no evidence that there is a single Communist in Hamilton, Ohio. Belgium would hardly seem to be an "international tinder box," nor can I qualify as a "potential match": I am obscure and lacking in all influence in America, and have not been in Europe for over thirty years. I am not an enemy alien—I was born in Chicago.

My only guess is that my sin consisted in being overconscientious when filling out my application. When the girl who was typing out the form asked me for my "business or profession," I asked whether the State Department classified citizens on the basis of training, present employer, or present job. Most of my college work was in physics and mathematics, but I pointed out that it would be inaccurate to call me a physicist, since I had been doing small jobs for large corporations for thirty years and was hardly classifiable as a scientist. In spite of this explanation, she apparently classed me as a physicist, and convinced the State Department that I was intent on carrying the secret of the H-bomb to Europe.

Be this as it may, I would have had to drop the project had I been acting as a private citizen; I have neither the time nor the money to sue the government. As I was acting on orders from my employer, however, I simply sent the letter to my superiors. The Vice President in Charge of Engineering and Research (a substantial contributor to Republican campaign funds) wrote a note which gave no new information but emphasized the fact that he wished me to have a passport. The passport arrived by return mail.

It might be unfair to cite an individual instance if there were not a very considerable body of evidence that the State Department views anyone who has had even casual contact with the physical sciences with deep mistrust. (Some examples may be found in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and the *FAS Newsletter*, issued by the Federation of American Scientists.) But is intellectual isolation really in the best interests of the United States? Is a State Department which has shown itself completely incompetent to discharge the normal duties of diplomacy apt to do better in unfamiliar fields?

WILLIAM PALMER TAYLOR.
Hamilton, Ohio.



"Ah, those were the good old days—before we found out it was all chemical!"

CASE HISTORY II

RODERIC O'CONNOR'S bland and seemingly forthright statement on passports is in keeping with the modern transition from the unabashedly tough and arbitrary era of Ruth Shipley and Scott McLeod. At least in lip service to due process the country has made progress since 1953, when *Collier's* published a glowing article on Miss Shipley under the then-unchallenged title: "You Don't Go If She Says No."

But Mr. O'Connor's description of fair and expeditious procedures for applicants denied passports bears no resemblance to the Passport Office and the Board of Passport Appeals as I have come to know them since my return from China and Hungary. In a rough sort of way Mr. O'Connor's piece reminded me of *Pravda's* kudos to the glories of "Socialist legality."

I need only cite a couple of personal instances. On instructions from Mr. O'Connor's bureau, a U. S. consular official in Budapest did everything but physically grab my passport when I refused to hand it over. Simultaneously, the American Minister to Hungary, doubling as mail clerk, "opened in error" a letter sent to me in care of our legation by the editor of *The New York Post*. If Mr. O'Connor's bureau spent more energy on expediting passport hearings and less on public-relations techniques, the staff might find they wouldn't have time to instruct ambassadors abroad on how to sort mail.

Nearly a year has passed since I applied for renewal of my passport on February 25, 1957. Without success to date, the best legal minds of the American Civil Liberties Union have endeavored to pry my case out of Mr. O'Connor's "expeditious" bailiwick and to get it into the courts. Today, just as under Ma Shipley, the Passport Office welcomes court review of its devious operations as enthusiastically as the Devil welcomes ablutions with holy water.

The point is clear. In every country, whether free or unfree, agencies like the Passport Office and Immigration Service have a magnetic attraction for persons with a police mentality. When open, virulent McCarthyism went out of fashion, Ruth Shipley and Scott McLeod fittingly disappeared from the Washington administrative scene. Using more polish and a high gloss, their handpicked heirs are today carrying on in much the same tradition. Nothing is settled until it is settled right, and we shall continue to wash our dirty passport linen for all the world to see until the American people insist that the Passport Office be merely a service organization for the public. Its sole job is to hand out, at ten dollars, green-covered certificates of travel just as City Hall hands out fifty-cent birth certificates and the Post Office hands out postcards and three-cent stamps.

WILLIAM WORTHY.
New York, N. Y.

SPECIOUS VS. ELOQUENT

CONGRATULATIONS to Henry Steele Commager and to Joseph N. Welch for their magnificent statements on the right to travel. Congratulations to *The Saturday Review* for giving the State Department a chance to defend its passport policy. Your thoughtful readers will, I feel sure, be as convinced that the present State Department passport policy is wrong by the specious reasoning in its defense by Roderic O'Connor as by the eloquent

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reaffirmation of American freedom by Messrs. Commager and Welch.

CLARK FOREMAN, *Director,*
Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.
New York, N. Y.

SERVE AND OBEY?

IF THE CASE for the State Department's control of passport issuance put up by Mr. Roderic L. O'Connor is the best that can be made out, the argument goes to the opposition by default. Mr. O'Connor wholly begs the question by the bland assumption that a government bureaucracy, rather than the laws and courts, may properly restrict the rights of citizens in the name of "the best interests of the United States." That a mature and experienced man can take such a position and expect to impress readers of *SR* is a sorry demonstration of the gulf that now yawns and is constantly widening between government officialdom and the people which in theory it has been set up to serve and obey.

JOHN H. COLLINS.

Berkeley, Calif.

"FATHER"—"BIG BROTHER"

O'CONNOR SEEMS rather puzzled that some Americans should think highly of the freedom to travel where they will. Probably this freedom is not nearly so important as freedom of thought. But, as Professor Commager says, arbitrary limitation of freedom in one sphere is very apt to be carried over to others also. Somehow one thing must be made evident to all Americans: "Father knows best" will, after a few years of unthinking acceptance, equal "Big brother is watching you."

ROBERT B. HALL.

Pasadena, Calif.

NOT FAR ENOUGH

I THINK A DEFENSIBLE view of U. S. passport policy is this: We are in a war situation today—in a state of political and economic warfare with Russia, Red China, and their satellites. We have seen the Communists use propaganda as a weapon to subvert and demoralize many once-free nations. And so, just as we would not send military aid to our enemies during a "hot" war, we should not send propaganda aid to our enemies during this "cold" war. In this regard, American passport regulations are an invaluable political measure—to prevent Americans from aiding Communist propaganda enterprises that could hurt us in other parts of the world.

A restriction on freedom? Of course it is! So are libel laws, and traffic regulations—but both serve a valid public purpose, and so are acceptable. The same should be true for passport regulations. My quarrel with the State Department is not that they went too far—in opposing the visit of our global juvenile delinquents to Red China—but that they didn't go far enough. They should never have permitted American travel to the Moscow conference in the first place, knowing it would only give the Communists an immense propaganda victory.

LIONEL LOKOS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

UNHEALTHY CHINA

AS AN ACADEMIC VISITOR to this country from England I have been painfully aware, in my three years here, of the appalling complacency of Americans towards such vital issues as this one of the passports. When I applied at the Consulate in London for a visa to enter the U. S. I was submitted to the most discouraging ordeal. There can be little doubt that the great misunderstandings which are current in Europe about America are being considerably fostered by the State Department.

If Mr. O'Connor believes what he says about China as an unhealthy place for American visitors, he must surely say the same about Germany, Japan, and England, against whom America fought wars, not to mention Spain, France, and Israel, whose histories have been turbulent and where trouble may conceivably break out at any time.

J. GOLD.

Madison, Wis.

BRAVO!

BRAVO TO EVERY young rascal, left, right, or in the middle, who went to China and has now a scrapbook of first-hand impressions of the Eastern Reds.

R. W. SHERWOOD.

Baltimore, Md.

SICKENING SLAUGHTER

IT WAS A SICKENING experience to discover *SR*'s choice for the grand prize in photography (*SR* Jan. 11). While I realize that in a contest of this nature treatment of the subject is more important than the subject itself, the spectacle of a two-legged degenerate about to slaughter a poor beast already tortured beyond endurance is so revolting that an appraisal of the picture from a technical standpoint is well-nigh impossible.

E. G. TALBOTT.

Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *So far as the editor is concerned, he was personally disappointed in the choice by the judges of a photograph based on the fun and excitement of slaughter. But he recognizes that the judges were selected for their professional competence in photography and not because they might or might not share his own outlook on life. This is not the first time that material has appeared in these pages with which the editor did not agree; it is far from being the last. The aim of* SR *continues to be the publication of an independent journal, even to the point at times of being independent of the editor himself.*

TACIT AGREEMENT

MR. PHILIP G. KNAPP'S statement that "the majority of taxpayers sadly deplore the use of their money on lethal research or the weapons thereof" (LETTERS, *SR* Jan. 11) seems to me incredibly optimistic. In trying to obtain signatures for the American Friends Service Committee's petition to President Eisenhower, urging him to cancel the nuclear tests scheduled for April, I found virtually all my neighbors tacitly agreeing with the government's policy by refusing to sign.

JACQUELINE P. GRIFFIN.

Erlton, N. J.

BOVINE ROCK-AND-ROLL

MR. HORACE SUTTON has written (*SR* Jan. 11) that "A nationwide campaign is in force to get Belgians to smile . . . and to refrain from snarling at gum-chewing rock-and-rollers from the States." As an American, I am heartily ashamed to think that Belgians will gaze upon gum-chewing and conclude it exemplifies the American way of life. Complacent cows chew their cud—and if the portrait of the United States will be cows rocking-and-rolling to savage jazz rhythms, I doubt whether a serious-minded artist will be found to paint the picture! I cannot help but hear a note of decadence in the so-called Progressive Jazz Age.

DORIS MARCOURSE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

WORLD CITIZENSHIP

A WHILE BACK I wrote to the United Nations to inquire whether membership is open to individuals as well as to nations. Their reply: "It is not possible for an individual to become a member of the United Nations." However, I *still* think membership in the United Nations should be open to individuals, so that their voices may be heard through a world-wide instrument of public opinion.

GEORGIA RALEIGH.

Fairfax, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A "Village" Wooing

DOES **"Two for the Seesaw"** teeter on the edge of soap opera? It does. But it is saved by its precisely truthful rendering of the two disorderly lives it deals with. The play begins with a touch of Ionesco, as we are introduced to two displaced people living in Greenwich Village. One is Jerry, a lonely man in a cold-water flat deciding whether or not to telephone a girl he had met casually at a party the night before. The other is Gittel, a twenty-nine-year-old, generous-hearted girl whose life has been a series of affairs in each of which her men have used her, abandoned her, and left her with a feeling of inferiority. She has reconciled herself to sleeping with anyone interesting, attractive, and patient enough to wait until his second date for consummation. Between telephone attempts that come to farcical but pathetic failure we see these characters explore theatrically some of the absurd contradictions of their existences. For instance, we all know that the Sunday *New York Times* is ridiculously voluminous and unwieldy, and that yet browsing through it is one of the great escapist habits of our day. To make this fact dramatic, Jerry lies down on a bed strewn with the various sections of newspaper. As he tries to get comfortable he keeps finding a section in his way and with a touch of self-contempt and angers throws it on the floor.

When Jerry, after a series of increasingly nonsensical phone calls, finally does get to Gittel's apartment, we continue to be amused at the non-sequitur dialogue at the same time that we realize it is an only slightly amplified fugue on the difficulty of establishing any real contact between persons in the world today. These two lonely souls, who might so simply climb into bed together, find this natural impulse thwarted by all the pressures of their own insecurities. She doesn't know whether she wants to get involved with him because it sounds too complicated. He is torn between wanting and at the same time not wanting a sexual handout. The high point of this scene comes when Gittel decides to change into her pajamas. This frightens Jerry, who picks up his hat from her bed and rushes out. When Gittel excitedly pops herself into bed, there is a marvelous minute in which she looks for him and then for his hat. The playwright, the director, and the actress have caught the absurdity of quick, impersonal sexual exchange without making the human desperation any the less real.

Act II starts out with another brilliant and revealing action when Gittel, who has ulcers, starts to do a bit of modern dance expression to some music. She is suddenly hit by a pain that doubles her up. But instead of stopping she incorporates it into the dance and finishes the movement. For the emancipated bohemian, it is *de rigueur* to welcome pain as much as pleasure.

Unfortunately, forty-one-year-old playwright William Gibson cannot in this, his first play, stay on such a high level throughout. But he substitutes for art other values which are audience-satisfying. One of these is the familiar but effective formula of following every romantic sentiment with a down-to-earth remark that is funny by contrast. Another is to introduce some standard dramatic tensions. Jerry, it turns out, is still in love with the wife from whom he is separated. And he comes of a different strata of society from Gittel. She would not fit in with his friends. This is the stuff which sells soap and makes feminine theatregoers sniffle. The reason it escapes being a "Jerry's Other Wife" is that this couple passes through an experience into a permanent, realistic resolution, so that at the final curtain it is not quite possible to say, "Tune in tomorrow."

The performances also help the script by focusing our attention on the accurately drawn details rather than on the romance. Anne Bancroft, in her Broadway debut, is a nice mixture of Bronx accent and good-natured bluntness. Not only does she seem the exact prototype of a girl most Greenwich Villagers will recognize but she manages to radiate a Bleecker Street saintliness. Above all, she avoids luxuriating in the play's opportunities for sentimentality. Henry Fonda makes a virtue out of an ingrown awkwardness. It makes him seem more genuine in a part that would be spoiled by the slightest touch of smugness or savoir faire. Arthur Penn's direction is bold, inventive, and clean; George Jenkins's settings are replete with the details that help make "Two for the Seesaw" a convincing human document of love in our time.

IN **"Winkelberg,"** playwright Ben Hecht is paying tribute to the late Bohemian poet, Max Bodenheim. But he is paying this tribute with a minimum of sentimental effusion. He is being as hard-boiled about Bodenheim as Bodenheim was in his most arrogant moments. The playwright describes the poet as a man who thought like Lord Chesterfield and behaved like Jack the Ripper.

Onstage, actor Mike Kellin illustrates this line exactly and skilfully as we trace Bodenheim's career from being resident poet in a gangster's Chicago nightclub up to the point where some of his poetry battled its way into print and then back down again through flop house and Communism ("a new disease man has invented as a cure for his ills") to his murder by a sailor. The odyssey is less interesting than the frequent quips delivered by the poet, no matter what the situation. Such lines as "In marriage the feast becomes a midnight snack" or "A married man in another woman's bed is not freedom. It's the prisoner in the exercise yard" are excellent wit. And the series of literary opinions he rattles off, which begin with his saying that Eliot has made "dulness fashionable," his describing Faulkner as "just a bad writer" are fun if not necessarily analytic. But the marathon of arrogance and laughter does not bring us any closer to understanding this proud, tortured human being. Perhaps any attempt to do so would seem phony, but when one is summing up the life of a stormy and passionate man it is not quite sufficient merely to describe it entertainingly.

—HENRY HEWES.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 762

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 762 will be found in the next issue.

ZFG AGI NA LDCUNQM
GXGS; ZFG DIQK
SGZINQA NZ QGXGS.

—MCGZFG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 761

Memory is ever active, ever true. Alas, if it were only as easy to forget!

—NINON DE LENCLOS.

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TV AND RADIO

"Beaver's Booboo"

I WAS all set to give a gold star for merit to "Leave it to Beaver," the new CBS-TV "domestic comedy" program, but now it must go to the bottom of the class for poor conduct on a recent Friday night. I'm sorry to have to do this, because I could grow fond of pre-adolescent Theodore, nicknamed "The Beaver," the rather serious, freckle-faced youngster who is the star of the show; of Wally, his elder teen-age brother; and of their Mr. and Mrs. Average-American parents living in their typical *Good Housekeeping* home. The Beaver's weekly boyhood adventures are written, it is given out, by authors who are fathers themselves; the situations reflect, with tasteful humor, the entanglements that often arise in "family-oriented" homes where the parents are pals as well as disciplinarians. It was the Beaver at school which furnished the plot, however, the night he fell from grace.

He took a mass I.Q. test, along with all the pupils in his school. The family expected no exceptional results, as the Beaver's scholarship is mediocre. The surprise was great when the principal informed them that their son had earned the highest score in the school, which was also the second highest score ever achieved anywhere in the same test. The Beaver's parents were told that the school was not equipped to develop the gifts of a "genius," and the principal advised them to enroll him in a private school. They took him to be interviewed by the headmaster of a "progressive" school, which boasted no baseball diamond and where the emphasis was on cooperation rather than competition. Father, who had played football when he was at school, was let down by the interview, and the Beaver was uneasy. The boy's doubts about the prospective change were underscored by the shut-out treatment he now received from his public-school classmates who wanted to have nothing to do with a "genius."

The world was set right again by his shamefaced teacher who suddenly revealed that Theodore wasn't a genius at all. A new boy in the class had carried the test papers to the principal's office, and had seized the opportunity on the way to switch names on his paper and the Beaver's. The new boy hated being a genius, and he had chosen Theodore's paper, particularly, because everybody liked the Beaver. Father and mother were genuinely relieved; even the teacher confessed that she liked the Beaver "better this way." All the excitement about having a genius in the family had vanished before the winds of unpopularity. Well—so much the better for the Beaver. That progressive school wouldn't have been much fun: all it had was a swimming pool, gymnasium, and excellent laboratories. The headmaster was made to appear pretty much of an ass—with his accent on cooperation and his downbeat on competition.

Our deeper concern, however, is with that new boy who switched the test papers. Would his parents place him in the progressive school which he hated? Or would they permit him to remain Wally's classmate and be happy being liked—what matter if he never fulfilled his promise? The real dilemma was left untouched not, merely, because "Leave it to Beaver" is just television entertainment, but because the choice which in true life presses upon us as a nation is too painful to face. Do we not desperately need geniuses for survival? How shall we make them eat calculus and like it—if their own desperate, inner compulsion is to be the captain of the football team and the most popular man in the class? President Eisenhower, his Cabinet, and Congress may lay heroic plans for producing the brainpower the nation requires, but citizen lip-service to the cause is not enough.

NEITHER will money manage the trick. Before we can mass-produce genius we must respect and honor genius. We are certainly not going in the right direction if we teach our children to suspect and dislike it or to assume that a high development of intellect is incompatible with "normalcy" or popularity.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEAREAN PROGNOSTICATIONS

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents ten prophesies made by characters in Shakespeare's plays. You are to look "in the dark backward and abysm of time" and name the prophets along with the plays in which they appear. Fulfillment on page 33.

1. "O God! I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb."

2. "In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors."

3. "But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras."

4. "Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none."

5. "How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!"

6. "Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last."

7. "If thou has eyes to see
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee."

8. "No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint."

9. "If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss."

10. "I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France."

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Second Farewell

MANY of us who left our adolescence some twenty or twenty-five years ago were inclined to base our notions of the ideal girl-friend on Catherine Barkley, English nurse, and heroine of Hemingway's **"A Farewell to Arms."** What a lovely, gallant creature! She was a "nice" girl, yet unconventional enough to share Lieutenant Frederic Henry's hospital bed while he recuperated from his war wound. Her speech patterns were a bit repetitious, but there was even charm in that. And when she died, straining to give birth to Frederic Henry's child, what a loss we all felt, as though no one might ever find such a woman again. True enough, they don't write heroines that way anymore, and women in books these days jump in and out of bed without giving it much thought, unlike Catherine Barkley, who had style, and who you knew wouldn't ordinarily do such a thing. But there are still the movies, and there is still David O. Selznick, who has spent over $4 million faithfully modeling a motion picture on the Hemingway novel.

The earlier movie version had in it Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper, and while it wasn't much of a job as a movie, Miss Hayes brought a great deal of appeal to the Catherine Barkley role; she turned the final scenes into some effective tearjerking. At least, that's the way I remember it. In the present version, while it is a better film, a good deal of the emotional juice seems to have been lost. This in spite of a first-rate script by Ben Hecht and some careful, solid direction by Charles Vidor. I'm inclined to place the responsibility for the lack of emotional coloration in the movie on Jennifer Jones, who plays Catherine Barkley. Miss Jones has a good deal of skill as an actress, but she's a fairly mature woman now, the mother of children, and that big movie screen has a gruesome way of revealing the disparity between what might be termed screen age and actual age.

I really wish Hollywood would do something about this. Photography is exceedingly clear of late, the picture is huge, and most of us have 20-20 vision, either with or without glasses. One first step might be the submission before a committee by a producer of the qualifications of his wife, when he is considering her for any important screen role. Miss Jones, as we all know, is the wife of Mr. Selznick; but that fact alone shouldn't automatically qualify her to play Catherine Barkley. She is not bad (although she gives to certain of her scenes an unaccountably neurotic quality), but she is not, strictly speaking, ideal. Rock Hudson, of the mild manner and the pleasant, but vaguely confused face, is better. He is plausibly a young man caught between idealism and the horrifying confusions of war. However, upon reaching the moments when he must respond with more than a soft voice and a nice manner, he hasn't got it. It isn't quite there, although he certainly tries.

BUT while the latter part of the picture seems long and slow-moving (played against a pretty-pretty Swiss landscape) several of the earlier scenes represent remarkable movie-making. The movement of Italian troops through the snow-bound Dolomites, and the shellings by which Frederic Henry receives his wound, are pictorial gems. The book, for many of its passages, is adhered to meticulously. The retreat from Caporetto is handled differently from the book, with some moments of almost gratuitous unpleasantness added. An Italian medic chokes to death a civilian because he won't give up his seat on a vehicle to a mother and child; another mother is seen lying dead at the roadside, a child at her bared breast. And Rinaldi, the doctor friend of the American ambulance driver, is shot to death by order of a court-martial board hastily and cruelly dispensing justice during the retreat. Rinaldi, as I remember, did not meet this end in the book.

This Italian doctor, by the way, is played very well by Vittorio de Sica, and other Italians in the cast emerge nicely, among them Alberto Sordi, as Father Galli, who is also given a final scene which Hemingway did not write. But much that Hemingway did write is to be found in the movie, including the almost literal transcription of whole passages of dialogue, seemingly the saltier the better. Mr. Selznick has always paid great attention to detail, and the production, as a result, is meticulous. With an altogether sympathetic and appropriate Catherine Barkley he might have had himself a very superior motion picture indeed. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Debut of Kogan, Barenboim, Munsel as Mimi

"RUSSIAN violinist" has always seemed an inappropriately inclusive term for people as varied as Heifetz and Elman, Seidl, Zimbalist, and Milstein. It seems especially so in the aftermath of the first appearance by Leonid Kogan, as soloist in the Brahms Concerto at a Carnegie Hall program of Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony orchestra. A native of the Ukraine and second only to David Oistrakh among present-day string players in the USSR, Kogan is both a Russian and a brilliant violinist. Beyond that, he is wholly an individual as an instrumentalist, an interpreter, and a platform personality.

The marks of his art, as they have been conveyed by numerous recordings, are purity of sound and refinement of musicianship. To those the actuality added a tone of soaring lyric beauty (more sizable, too, than one had anticipated), a boldness of style, and a warmth of spirit that made every note count in the total design. Having planted his feet firmly for the opening onslaught, Kogan moved barely at all for the length of the first movement (save to amend the tuning of a string in a tutti), the instrument held in a classic position as platform to the bow. Needle-pointed intonation and a deftly adjusted vibrato relieved the listener of any qualms about pitch.

Any performer with this degree of command has some special strength to distinguish him from his fellow experts, and with Kogan it is a bowing facility that enable him to spin a lovely sound whether the difficulties are urgent or latent. His management of the problem is not so much in terms of "bow arm" as it is of "bow hand"; for he must have extraordinary strength in the fingers to maintain the kind of unvarying pressure that gives his bow its gluelike contact with the strings. Out of this comes a variable finesse in dynamics and tone color which made for superbly modulated sound in the longspun phrases of the adagio.

So far as musicianship is concerned, Kogan had it in abundant measure to match the knowing projection of the orchestral score under Monteux's solid, assured direction. Rhythmic keenness, an unflagging sense of pace and proportion, a willingness to play with the orchestra as well as against it, gave this statement of Brahms largeness of line as well as precision of detail. The way he sang the closing measures of the first movement (after the Joachim cadenza) nudged at least one contemporary out of the ranks of the instrument's "first five" to make room for Kogan. Audience and orchestra joined in a show of hands that kept soloist and conductor returning until the house lights came up in a final glow of admiration for a notable achievement.

With or without Kogan it was a week of memorable artistry by the orchestra, some of whose members have been playing with Monteux since he was its music director in the 1919-1924 period. In a variety of repertory that was Russian in the midweek program (Prokofieff "Classical," Tchaikovsky No. 4, and Stravinsky's complete "Petrouchka") and German-French on Saturday (Beethoven "Grosse Fuge," Debussy "St. Sebastian" suite, and Strauss "Death and Transfiguration," in addition to Brahms), Monteux dispensed wisdom with tranquility of age and the ardor of youth.

ON THE evening following Kogan's debut his countryman Emil Gilels occupied the same stage in a continuation of his Beethoven piano concerto cycle, this time Nos. 1 through 3. In the two he had not played here previously (the C minor appeared on the program he gave season before last) Gilels made an interesting distinction between the B flat (the first to be composed though it bears the number "two") and the bigger, broader C major. The lighter sound and narrower range of dynamics suited it well, as the more incisive impact did the C major. In both his encompassing facility and high musical standards made listening a pleasure, though he probed few subtleties in either. Alfred Wallenstein led the Symphony of the Air in a sound performance of the "Prometheus" overture to open the evening, also scaling the orchestral sound well to the soloist's conceptions.

The week's recitalists included Daniel Barenboim, a pianist born in Buenos Aires on November 16, 1942, who now (as they say of prizefighters) plays out of Israel. He has found time, in his barely more than fifteen years, to learn incredible quantities of music, travel in Europe, win several competitions, and otherwise occupy himself spiritually while growing strong, straight, and fairly tall. In such works as Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue" and the C major ("Waldstein") sonata of Beethoven he demonstrated an enveloping amount of finger ease and, more exceptionally, the ability to resonate a concert grand as its makers prefer to have it sound.

So far his pianistic skills are more athletic than oratorical, but he has a sound sense of musical design as Bach conceived it, and of musical drama as Beethoven conveyed it. He also may be commended for virtuous failings, which is to say that his inclination to rush tempi is an expectable—even a welcome—indication of adolescent musical normality, reassuring evidence that his pulse is controlled by a variable human heart rather than an unvarying, inanimate metronome. Given a proper opportunity for development, Barenboim should achieve a conspicuous mark either as pianist or conductor (a career for which he has already shown some inclination).

THE illness which prevented Clara Haskill from fulfilling her present season's engagements provided an opportunity for the Cuban pianist Jorge Bolet to play two concerti in four days with the New York Philharmonic. For my taste, this produced uneven results, particularly in Beethoven's G major (No. 4) concerto. This was a note-sure venture, but brightly percussive in sound, with too little of the warmth or legato it requires. On the other hand (the left especially), Bolet made a crisply invigorating thing of the Liszt E flat at the Sunday matinee. This was *not* always note-sure, but far more vital, apropos the compositional style. Leonard Bernstein provided supple, rhythmically incisive support for both, meaning that his Beethoven was more idiomatic than Bolet's. For his orchestral works, Bernstein elected Webern's "Six Pieces" and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre," for both of which he is an articulate and compelling spokesman.

In a proper progression befitting her "advancing years" (now approaching thirty), Patrice Munsel exchanged the frivolity of Musetta for the deeper implications of Mimi at a recent Metropolitan "Boheme." Dramatically appealing and very considerate of word values, Munsel's Mimi faltered, vocally, where she had to make her a lyric soprano as well as a grisette. As observed in the first act (till other commitments intervened) Miss Munsel's hard, if not well-used, voice left her without the vocal weight or color the top range demands.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

How Wide the Gulf

BILOXI, MISS.

MY FIRST stop in Biloxi, a settlement that reposes on the coast of Mississippi looking south to the Gulf of Mexico, was by purest chance at an establishment called the Confederate Inn where for one dollar, a person, regardless of geographical affiliation, can eat all the stuffed crab, flounder, perch, or snapper one wants, and spend the waiting moments reading up on history.

It was, therefore, while waiting for the second sazarac of a young and idle life, that I read that we were in virtual sight of Ship Island, twelve miles offshore, where one Pierre le Moyne landed in 1699 with 200 colonists from France and took charge of a territory that stretched from Pittsburgh to Yellowstone Park. Although I expect to be lost for a week under a snow flurry of outraged letters from the campuses, I really see nothing wrong in assimilating history from a restaurant menu, especially when it is dispensed as graphically as this and, thus enthused, I read on to discover that in 1704 a ship called *The Pelican* landed on the island carrying livestock, food, merchandise, seventy-five soldiers, and twenty-three virtuous maidens under the care of two gray nuns. All the maidens were married within a month except one "unusually coy and hard to please." Since the colony was short on labor, a French ship landed in 1719 carrying German colonists who had been purchased from German princes to help colonize Louisiana. Four years later French troops arrived bringing with them 596 slaves from Africa. The difficulties can perhaps be traced back to here, although this opinion was not inscribed on the bill-of-fare.

At any rate, Ship Island went through a number of hands, including pirate, English, Spanish, American, and Confederate. A New England brigade took the island in 1861 and, according to the menu history, "used Negro troops in guarding 5,860 Confederate prisoners, many of whom died." The sazarac having arrived from the "Rebel Bar"—I presume it is called that because by law Mississippi is a dry state—one could, drink in hand, contemplate the walls which were decorated with Matthew Brady prints, which had been enhanced, I'm sure the propietor thought, by a local artist possessed of a box of paints. There were also some displays which I trust had not been tampered with, of Confederate money hand-signed and hand numbered, including seventy-five cent bills issued by the State of South Carolina and queer three-dollar bills issued by the State of Mississippi and pledged with cotton. The Confederate Inn also keeps on hand packets of counterfeit Confederate money.

One may also purchase, right there on the premises, certificates to such organizations I assume to be spurious, as the Confederate Air Corps, which are issued to anyone who guarantees, according to the legend printed thereon, to be possessed of an "unusually high regard for black-eyed peas, hog jowl, sow belly, pot likker, grits, chitlins, and good ole corn squeezins'." The bearer must also "pledge to harass carpetbaggers and pay respectful homage to our lovely Southern belles."

I could scarcely have been better oriented for our next stop, which was a visit to Beauvoir, the home in which Jefferson Davis spent the last twelve years of his life. It is in all truth a lovely old white mansion which in the years from 1902 until 1940 had been an old soldiers' home. Widows of Mississippi's Confederate veterans were here until January 1956, but all of them have since been moved elsewhere and the house has become a museum dedicated to the South's only president. I think I ought to add in passing that there are two Confederate veterans left in the country, neither of whom is from Mississippi. However, there are some 250 widows still extant in Mississippi alone, the late veterans having repeatedly married younger women.

WANDERING through Beauvoir will prove a wistful experience for almost anyone at all responsive to the bitter-sweet romance of a lost cause, but for an emotional Southerner it must be sheer trauma. The rancor has been kept razor keen by over ninety years of continuous honing, and it keeps cropping up in the casual conversations of the guides, in the pointed paragraphs of the guidebooks, and in the signs on the museum's exhibits. A pamphlet called "Beauvoir—The Last Home of Jefferson Davis," pictures the Southern statesman at the age of seven, "a golden-haired, self-reliant, handsome lad whose father had fought in the Revolution and whose three brothers had served in the War of 1812." In 1828 he was graduated from West Point, "then nearly six feet tall and permanently possessed of the proud aristocratic bearing, reserve, and dignity that were to accompany him in both moments of great joy and great tragedy."

He personally delivered Black Hawk, the Indian warrior, to prison, became an aide to Colonel Zachary Taylor, married his daughter over Taylor's objections. She died in Mississippi three months later. He became a Congressman from Mississippi, married again, fought at Buena Vista where, "fighting recklessly at the head of his troops, Colonel Davis led his sharp-shooting Mississippians in a savage charge that turned a successful Mexican advance into a disorderly retreat." It was not until the American artillery had blasted the Mexicans from the field, according to the booklet "Beauvoir," that Colonel Davis would retire to the rear, his boot filled with blood.

Later he became a Senator, a Secretary of War, a Senator again, and then finally retired from Washington when Mississippi seceded. He was helping his wife prune a rose bush when word came that he was elected president of the Confederate States.

A dozen years after the Confederacy fell Davis retired at last to Beauvoir, a mansion which had been given as a wedding present to Mrs. Sarah Dorsey by her husband, a Louisiana planter. It was so big, and "so extravagant (was) the establishment of slaves required to keep it up" that to the practical fishermen who lived nearby it was called a folly. Davis paid rent to Mrs. Dorsey while she was alive and she willed the house to him upon her death. In its library he wrote his memoirs, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy."

On a wall hangs a painting by Mrs. Davis of her last home, long after her husband's death—the Hotel Gramatan in Bronxville, a New York suburb. There is Davis's Senatorial chair, and the pillowcases on eldest daughter Margaret's bed are from Mrs. Davis's trousseau. But saddest of all is Winnie's room. A gown hangs over one chair; a portrait of her as Queen of Comus, one of the most social of the krewes, in the New Orleans Mardi Gras of 1892, hangs on a wall. And the books on a nightstand include Winnie's own work, "An Irish Knight," published in 1888.

A year after that Winnie had to tell her father the awful truth. Winnie, the girl who had been born a year before war's end, the girl who had become known as the Daughter of the Confederacy, was in love with a Yankee.

It was twenty-four years after the war, but Jefferson Davis, now eighty-

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one, refused to grant parental permission for marriage, and Winnie's suitor, Alfred Wilkinson of New York, was rejected. Davis died the same year and soon Wilkinson returned, proposed again, and this time was accepted. But Winnie's faithful friends rebelled and, as the pamphlet relates, "Winnie broke the engagement rather than offend the memory of the men who died wearing the gray." She was, herself, dead at thirty-four "in the frenzied, unfriendly city of New York."

Below the room that is left to Winnie as a memorial, in an area once open and much admired by gamboling Davis grandchildren, is a museum of the Confederacy. Its prime exhibit is a poster that offered $100,000 reward for the capture of Jefferson Davis, who had disappeared at the end of the war and who was suspected in those frenzied unfriendly days that followed the assasination of President Lincoln of having plotted the deed. Captured by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry and the Second Wisconsin, he was released in 1867 on a bail bond signed, among others, by Horace Greeley and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Says an explanatory note for latter-day visitors who might not be well acquainted with all the facts: Jefferson was "held in Fortress Monroe by the military authorities, part of the time in shackles, fed the coarsest of prison fare, served with a tin plate and tin cup without knife, fork, and spoon, and heavily guarded as though he were a dangerous and desperate criminal rather than the Chief Executive of a defeated government."

OFF in a corner, visitors can buy souvenir Confederate flags and packets of fake Confederate money, $830 worth for seventy-five cents. Nowhere in the museum is there a recollection of Davis's difficulties within the Confederacy, of his inability to win foreign recognition, of his failure to solve his government's financial difficulties, of his unwillingness to realize the true plight of his military forces, of the Southern suspicions that he was about to emancipate the slaves, of his drive for strong centralization of power, a conflict with the very principles for which the South had seceded.

If much of the presentation at Beauvoir has been emotionalized and its true worth in knitting old breaks in serious doubt, at least anybody can appreciate the other offerings along the Mississippi Gulf Coast, a strand bordered for some twenty-eight miles with man-made white sand beach.

Aging hotels are rushing to build new motor-court rooms, and successful motels are hurrying to expand. One of the handsomest of the new layouts is the extension to the venerable Buena Vista, which is opening eighty-four modern motel rooms, handsomely decorated with Knoll furniture, directly on the beach. The whole addition is connected to the old hotel site by a bridge which stretches spang across U.S. 90, the Old Spanish Trail, which connects Jacksonville with El Paso. The new rooms, built in two decks, embrace a flagstone pool area. From the adjoining pier fishing boats take out into the Gulf and excursion craft steam out to Ship Island. Party boats cruise for white trout, bonita, and king mackerel. Including its big hotel, the mother house across the road, Buena Vista can count some 250 rooms, now, with rates pegged at $12 to $15 a day.

The Sun 'n Sand is building a new addition on stilts over the beach area. gets around a local injunction by calling the whole thing a pier. At any rate, it has a newish maple-leaf-shaped pool, every leaf a different depth, with a water-filled causeway leading swimmers to their own restaurant. Rate: $15 a day for a double room. For anyone who wants to stretch out, the Gulf Hills Dude Ranch —don't ask *me* what it's doing down here—has 700 acres, offers winter golf, summer riding, and swimming all year around in a heated pool. Since you ought to be apprised of the good and the bad, I had better tell you that the place is a favorite of Elvis, who has been there twice. The tariff is about $14 a day with meals.

Finally, I would like to acquaint you with Longfellow House, a delightful sanctuary up in Pascagoula which is owned by the Ingalls shipping people and was originally put together as a place to store visiting clients and visiting brass. It has a mere fifty-six rooms, is all, as they are fond of saying down here, and the eight acres of real estate are about as well-manicured as tax-deductible money will buy.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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NEW VISTAS

People and Places Spanish

"Silk Hats and No Breakfast," by Honor Tracy *(Random House. 207 pp. $3.50), is the diary of a lively Irish writer's trek off the tourist trails in the Iberian Peninsula. Miss Tracy's travelogue is reviewed by Donald A. Yates, who is an aficionado of Spain.*

By Donald A. Yates

HONOR TRACY is a spirited young Irish writer with a continually widening interest in people and places. Among her first three books were nonfiction works on Japan as well as her native Ireland. In 1956 she brought forth the roundly praised, irreverent novel about the Irish entitled "The Straight and Narrow Path."

Now Miss Tracy has turned back to nonfiction with "Silk Hats and No Breakfast," a lighthearted account of her 1955 journey through Spain.

At the outset of her Spanish adventure, the author possessed certain qualifications which gave real promise of her doing a fresh and rollicking book on her experiences: she had been to Spain before and was quite at ease with Castilian; she was entirely willing to map out an itinerary that would intersect only occasionally with the footworn tourist trails, and, most happily, she was by nature outfitted with the gay Irish flair for imaginatively describing new sights in terms of that which is old and familiar.

As Miss Tracy herself relates, all her best intentions and natural strengths were tested to the fullest during her trip (by a parade of incredible busses, by impossible hotels and indigestible meals, to mention but a few of her bugbears); yet her new book has turned out to be an expertly sketched travelogue of the western borderlands of Spain and a mild-mannered satire on the individualistic ways of the Spanish people.

Miss Tracy began her south-to-north traversing of the Iberian Peninsula at Gibraltar and, after a brief side trip west to Málaga, headed up through Cádiz, Seville, Mérida, Salamanca, Sanabria, and thence through the heart of Galicia—Santiago de Compostela, La Coruña, Finisterre—and debarked for England from the Galician port of Vigo.

The author has shown she has a fine eye for the common as well as the picturesque sight in her sharp delineations of the ubiquitous beggars, the town idlers, the vendors, the typically effusive family farewells. Moreover, her perception of sounds is unusually keen.

Much of the normal hardship Miss Tracy encountered in her cross-country jaunt is magically transformed into something less than that through her ever-present wit, particularly her comic appreciation for the outrageous. She describes a meal:

> It was time for luncheon now and the single, dispiriting *fonda* was the only place to go. Here they provided a tomato, onion, and cucumber salad, doused in pungent oil, followed by a wan soup with worms of vermicelli swimming to and fro in it . . . Then came tomato, onion, and cucumber again, now fried in that same oil, and a solitary fried egg. At this point a bank of garlic drifted in from the kitchen like a sudden attack of poison gas . . . The meal closed with a green banana.
>
> I was waited on by a friendly, garrulous boy who found it hard to believe that I wanted half a bottle of red wine all to myself. Spaniards are frugal, austere people even in the relaxed South, and the drinking of a half pint of wine by a female strikes them as not far removed from an orgy; but for the kind of meal one undergoes in a wayside Spanish inn it is the essential minimum and to be regarded partly as disinfectant, partly as anesthetic.

When, near the end of her journey, she penetrates Galicia, the bleak, isolated northwest corner of Spain, Miss Tracy offers a portrait of the *gallego* as a man apart from the Spaniard that is excellently drawn. And in her description of Galicia she creates some of her finest scenes.

This is a wonderfully entertaining book, doubly commendable for the evocation of much of the physical beauty of Spain and for the brilliant sketches of some of its character types. In Miss Tracy's hands it is a very personal work; yet her treatment of *el español* is always detached and objective.

The author's intriguing title, "Silk Hats and No Breakfast," perhaps best points up this sense that the material of the book has of being removed from the reality of Spain. It is taken from the phrase "silk hats before breakfast," which suggests the desire of the Spaniard, impoverished though he may be, to impress the foreigner "with a show of efficiency." In this light Miss Tracy's rephrasing is a little sad, and lacks true compassion. Yet it is a bright title and appealing. The book's contents are perfectly matched to it.

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THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. *By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Edited by Manuel Komroff. Signet.* 75¢. Dostoevsky's brooding last novel about the brothers three: Dimitri, Ivan, and Alyosha.

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North of the Border

"Canada: Tomorrow's Giant," by Bruce Hutchison *(Knopf. 325 pp. $5), logs a Canadian's rediscovery of his countrymen, their traditions, and the colorful land on which they live. Judith Robinson, columnist for the* Toronto Telegram, *is our reviewer.*

By Judith Robinson

THIS is a series of light and, for the most part, unpretentious sketches of Canadian characters and Canadian scenery strung together on the thread of a traveler's log. Mr. Hutchison and his wife spent a long summer touring Canada by car from east to west and halfway north. This is a record of their travels.

The expedition seems to have enjoyed what the old Wesleyan circuit riders of Upper Canada used to call journeying mercies. From Bauline, the Newfoundland outport where the record begins, to journey's end in Victoria, British Columbia, Mr. Hutchison's home city, travelers' luck was with it. The right wayside character turned up at the right moment oozing local color and homespun philosophy. The hoped-for clue, the sunset readymade for tinted prose, the wayside camping place of a camper's dream, all came to hand as though ordered in advance from Simpson-Sears. Misfortunes were minor and all turned to good entertainment account. Clearly, Mr. Hutchison enjoyed himself.

From time to time his youthful delight in portents and clouded mirrors makes the book lumpy with symbolism; but, on the whole, "Tomorrow's Giant" is lively and pleasant reading, and Mr. Hutchison's Canada is a less improbable country today than it used to be. This is fortunate, for Mr. Hutchison's descriptive powers are such that strangers to the place are apt to accept his as the Canada to look for, and therefore, inevitably, to find.

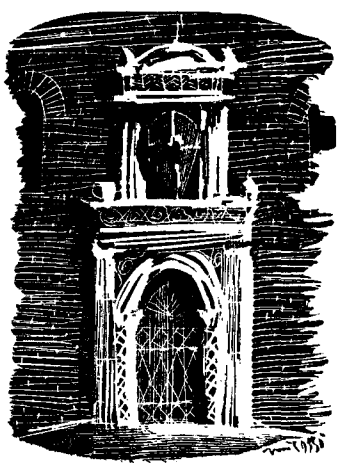
The country he sees is full of pleasant surprises for the author. With astonishment and delight he seizes upon the thing that was always there and displays it as his find. With pride he digs up and exhibits, as a new and precious growth of national consciousness, roots that have been deep in the unconscious of his less vocal countrymen for a long, long time. He has discovered that Canadians other than new ones and those of French origin have folk memories and folk tales which enrich the corporate life. He notes with interest that the Maritime Provinces have traditions, salty and long cherished, as well as scenery and ambition. He describes, with a collector's pleasure, some of Newfoundland's more original hereditary convictions. He even allows to Ontario one or two worthy ancestral loyalties, and he celebrates the ineradicable oddity of British Columbia, where he works, and of Alberta, where he plays. For the prairies Mr. Hutchison reserves a special regard. They are for him the heartland of Canada, and in Winnipeg he locates the Canadian soul.

In Manitoba, Mr. Hutchison reverts. He is again the acolyte serving the flame, the young convert to the cult of the prairie Panglosses. Though he long since shifted from the center of faith in the future, his spirit still yearns towards its holy places.

He disciplines it and no longer—well, hardly ever—preaches the old pure doctrine of salvation by geography. His new faith is in material achievement, the plastic product guaranteed to unite the disparate and make them big and whole. He has become an apostle of what John Farthing has called "the cult of importance; the cult of national bombast."

Yet an apostle with reservations. Toronto and Vancouver he damns. They have come too fast to bigness and success. He questions whether the production of such second-rate New Yorks is a worthy national aim. He does not indicate what other product may be hoped, given the obsession with animal, vegetable, and mineral productivity which Mr. Hutchison hymns as a Canadian.

Nevertheless the doubts persist, prompting, between swatches of local color; other questions: "Why," for one, "do Canadians know so little and Americans so much about their national history?" It was done—say, rather, it was nearly done—by suppressing, distorting, or denigrating half the facts of Canadian history.



Another of Mr. Hutchison's questions concerns the old difficulties of understanding between Canadians of French and English origin. Mr. Hutchison confesses himself dumfounded. "When," he asks, "will English-speaking Canadians discard the notion that these people of Quebec are obsessed only with racial memories?" When Canadian politicians, French- and English-speaking, lay and clerical and journalistic, stop feeding racial obsessions.

CAPTIVE AT ROME'S GATES: After Byron had stayed in Rome only three weeks, he wrote, "Oh Rome, my country! city of the soul"—by which one would think he had been a long-standing resident. But H. V. Morton surely got the point when he said that a visit to Rome is not a discovery but a remembrance. The author of **"A Traveller in Rome"** (Dodd, Mead, $6) remembers back about thirty centuries, in 362 pages, in a most entertaining and graceful account of his last visit there (one summer, on foot).

One of the latest of a long line of Britons who were brought captive to Rome's gates, Mr. Morton is as adept at evoking archeology and history as he is knowledgeable of the Rome of the ubiquitous motor scooter and the diabolical elevator. Through the intricate streets and alleyways, he jostles shady characters and great statesmen of the Imperial City, elegant Englishmen on the Grand Tour, and Roman *pasta* specialists.

Hence little fails to interest a curious reader in this anecdotal, sometimes erudite book. Buying a ticket to the Forum prompts the author to a dissertation on the wearing and maintenance of a toga, a fascinating account of the career of Septimius Severus, and a retracing of the last day of Julius Caesar's life. Mr. Morton chases and captures all sorts of people. He was there when Bourbon's roughs sacked the churches, when Rienzi fell, and when Messalina was murdered. But here, too, are the tourists, the Italian businessmen, the monsignori, the pious pilgrims. And if one imagined the Catacombs a dull subject, he had better have a look at the pages devoted to them.

Perhaps the final test of one's knowledge of contemporary Rome is the Vatican, and here Mr. Morton comes off splendidly. He was once a special correspondent there, and is familiar with the museum, the library, the recent excavations under St. Peter's, etc. His description of the Vatican has the additional merit of including a clear exposition of the unique organization of the Church's vast machinery. —JEANETTE WAKIN.

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The Arts

Continued from page 21

agination as the pictures so christened. But it seems to show cursory treatment beyond linguistic despair when, for instance, "Individualistic Measurement of the Beds" stands for *"Individualisierte Höhenmessung der Lagen"* whereas "Individualized Measuring of Strata" would appear to come closer to the point.

In an odd sense, it seems to be in keeping with Klee that he would be subject to such misunderstandings. In fact, the idea might even occur to one that he who said of himself that he "cannot be grasped in this world" would posthumously provoke and enjoy these errors, which are so much in character with his elusiveness and sublime sense of irony.

On the other hand, Klee was an artist who was meticulous and methodical in everything he did. It is one of the main threads in the narrative study by Mr. di San Lazzaro to show how Klee's sense of direction in the development of his work was as keen as it was pure. One participates in the struggle of the unknown young man who gradually comes to realize how painfully slow the process of growth was going to be for him on a lonely path of exploration.

At the same time this path of loneliness is accompanied and interwoven, as it were, by a series of lifelong dialogues—with wife and son, with fellow artists, friends, and students at the Bauhaus—culminating in that most continuous, most emphatic dialogue of all, the one which the mature Klee was to call the "dialogue with nature." Mr. di San Lazzaro makes it evident in extensive quotations not only from the testimony of friends and critics, but also from Klee's own writings. They reveal him as the ardent observer, over whose grave it was said that he was the greatest realist of our times.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Juliet (to Romeo) in "Romeo and Juliet." 2. Cranmer (about Princess Elizabeth) in "King Henry VIII." 3. "Hamlet." 4. Third Witch (to Banquo) in "Macbeth." 5. Cassius in "Julius Caesar." 6. John of Gaunt (about Richard) in "King Richard II." 7. Brabantio (to Othello about Desdemona) in "Othello." 8. The Dauphin in "First Part of Henry VI." 9. King Henry (about the Earl of Richmond) in "Third Part of Henry VI." 10. Prince John in "Second Part of Henry IV."

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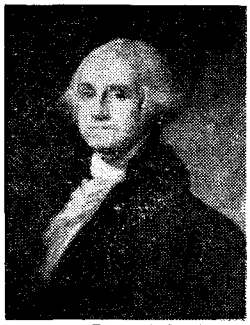

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait XXIII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: The Knowledge We Need Most

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

NOTES ON AMERICA'S LOST DIMENSION

WHEN George Washington was President of the United States, he wrote a letter commending a new arithmetic book. "The science of figures," he remarked, is "to a certain degree . . . not only indispensably requisite in every walk of civilized life; but the investigation of mathematical truths accustoms the mind to method and correctness in reasoning, and is an employment peculiarly worthy of rational beings." Science was clearly not, to him, a separate entity but an integral part of democratic society.

When anyone today talks of the need for restoring that old sense of unity, the objection is made that science has grown too specialized; it allows no common meeting-ground. Consequently, there is an instructive quality in the nature of a crisis presently engulfing the American Institute of Physics. The AIP is struggling, under the guidance of its new director, Dr. Elmer Hutchisson, to find ways and means for physicists to communicate to each other what they learn. There is nothing in the teaching of any science to solve the problem. The solution lies entirely in another realm—the art of printing.

Where is Dr. Hutchisson to find enough printers to print the physics journals? The problem is no longer discussed in terms of words but of "kilowords"—units of thousands of words. Many of these thousands are not really words but complex mathematical formulae. Of all the known techniques for transferring the formulae from manuscripts to the printed page, the best appears to be Monotype, a machine that sets each symbol and character individually (see this week's *SR* cover). Considerable judgment is required of the Monotype operator, and there are in the United States today only about 100 operators sufficiently skilled for the job. Many of them are approaching retirement age. Their replacements need several years' experience. Dr. Hutchisson is investigating several alternate methods of printing sophisticated science literature. One is offset printing, the other photo-typesetting. Both are dependent on still another art: photography.

Scientists would be helpless in this and many other respects were they to try to function outside the non-scientific setting our culture provides them. Awareness of the deeper meanings of this interdependence has led anthropologist Margaret Mead to suggest that the word *scientist* be proscribed from the current language and replaced by individual designations for individual disciplines: physicist, chemist, biologist, and such. The advice is good, but the approach is passive in its dependence on words alone to dissolve fixed habits. A positive force should be put in motion to re-create the oneness of Washington's day.

There is, in the U.S. Constitution, a suggestion of what this force might be. By provision of Section 2 of Article I, our entire government revolves around statistics. The representation, in the Congress, of the various regions within the forty-eight states is made dependent on a census—an application of Washington's "science of figures," which is now included among the social sciences.

The social sciences are, by definition, concerned with study of the behavior of man as distinct from the behavior of his body (life science) or of its environment (physical science). Because the human individual refuses to stand still under examination or to react repeatedly in what appears to be the same way under circumstances that seem identical, behavioral science remained unacceptable to the National Academy of Sciences even after World War II proved the dependability of anthropologists, political scientists, sociologists, and psychologists in predicting military invasion prospects on distant unmapped islands. When physicists found it necessary to fall back upon the laws of chance to explain happenings in atomic nuclei, it became much more difficult to justify rejection of behavioral experiments based on the same mathematics. Yet when FDR summoned Dr. Vannevar Bush, his wartime chief of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, to arm the government with science to win the then foreseeable peace, the research administrative agency Bush first proposed gave no recognition whatever to the social sciences. Oral tradition at the White House says that only after Budget Bureau Director Harold Smith read the original draft of the letter of authorization Bush had written for the doomed President was the exclusion called to Mr. Roosevelt's notice and repaired.

Subsequent legislative battles over the creation of the National Science Foundation continued for five years around the physical scientists' fear of the phenomenon they refused to study: politics. Since the NSF took form of 1950, that fear has been the vortex of continuing struggle around the insistence of the Budget Bureau that science learn to function responsibly within the political necessities of democracy. The six following pages tell the story of neglect of the discovery potential of social science.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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THE KNOWLEDGE WE NEED MOST

—NSF.

HARRY ALPERT *is Program Director for Social Science Research, National Science Foundation. "The views expressed are the author's," he stipulates, "and not necessarily those of the NSF." Knowledgeable students of social science inevitably will take this as an invitation to read the fine print. For to most of them Harry Alpert, a native New Yorker,* is *social science in the NSF. When he moved there from the Budget Bureau in March 1953, the science agency was legally but three years old and still groggy from Congressional debate over whether human nature could possibly be analyzed by the logical methods of scientific inquiry. It was not considered politically wise to admit any definite interest in the question. So Alpert began his NSF career as "Study Director for Social Science." He soon recognized that whatever he did could be done only with the support of the physical sciences (mathematics, physics, chemistry, engineering, etc.) and the life sciences (biology and pre-clinical medicine). Consequently, he proposed and obtained a handful (out of available hundreds) of NSF grants for social science studies which contributed new knowledge the other sciences needed. Not until last August did he finally win funds for social science in its own right.*

By HARRY ALPERT

PHENOMENA of human social behavior are commonly divided into three broad categories: those relating to man as a social animal and as a unit of society; those relating to the societies or groups that human beings form; and those relating to the cultural products of human creativity and social interaction. In very brief, short-hand formulation, these may be referred to as the phenomena of personality, society, and culture.

The social sciences are usually divided into several broad disciplines, each of which views human social behavior from a different angle. The commonly recognized fields are:

Anthropology, the science of man and his culture.

Economics, the science of man's behavior in obtaining goods and services in making a living.

Political science, the science of government.

Social psychology, the science of the functioning of the human individual in his social relationships.

Sociology, the science of society.

Social statistics, the science of quantitative method applied to the social phenomena.

The interdisciplinary sciences or the borderline sciences which are considered integral parts of biological and physical sciences, but have significant social science orientation. These include: *demography,* the science of population; *physical anthropology,* the science of the races of man and their physical characteristics; *social geography,* the science of man's relation to his environment.

There are, as in the physical and biological sciences, many subdivisions and specialties within the main branches of the social sciences. There is also considerable overlapping among the social disciplines, as well as important overlapping between the social sciences and natural sciences.

The history of the National Science Foundation's activities in the social sciences began with the introduction in Congress in 1945 of the Magnuson-Kilgore Bill for the establishment of NSF. It was characterized from the outset by extensive debate on the part of Congressmen, government officials, and the scientific community at large on the degree to which the social sciences, being concerned with human behavior, could observe and measure with the objective accuracy generally attributed to studies of man's environment. There was a major national controversy over the inter-relations of the natural sciences and social sciences, including lengthy Congressional hearings at which a most substantial majority of the witnesses supported the social sciences as essential to fulfilment of the NSF mandate—"to develop and encourage the pursuit of a national policy for the promotion of basic research and education in the sciences." The cabinet members and other Federal officials who testified at all on this point supported unanimously and without reservation the principle of bringing the social sciences into the full picture. No witness expressed opposition in principle to government support of the social sciences. A specific provision in the bill for establishment of a division of the social sciences within NSF was removed by the Senate, however, and when President Truman on May 10, 1950 signed the NSF act, the law represented (in so far as research support, scholarships and graduate fellowships were concerned) the "permissive but not mandatory" position put forth by Dr. Vannevar Bush, who originated the NSF concept at FDR's behest "to win the peace."

Noting that the Federal Government already did a great deal of

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social science research, Dr. Bush declared: "We could well do more. . . . I think it would be a mistake for the Foundation to plunge into work in the social sciences without very careful consideration of what parts it would like to cover, what parts it feels can appropriately be handled under Federal auspices in view of their nature. . . . In other words, the legislation should be permissive but not mandatory, so that the Foundation will not be barred from entering into the field but on the other hand will not be forced into it until it has given it the study that the subject deserves."

Nothing was said to limit or qualify inclusion of the social sciences in the law's directives to NSF "to appraise the impact of research upon industrial development and upon the general welfare" and "to maintain a register of scientific and technical personnel and in other ways provide a central clearinghouse for information covering all scientific and technical personnel in the United States. . . ." But during the Foundation's first years of operation several considerations led to initial concentration on the natural sciences.

First, the early NSF budgets were pitifully small in relation to the known needs of the sciences: $225,000 in fiscal year 1951 and $3,500,000 in fiscal year 1952 could scarcely begin to meet essential requirements of the scientific community. Second, the action in the Senate against a social science division invited a fear that support of social science research would embroil the Foundation in political controversies. Third, the Foundation was, at the outset, staffed on the professional side largely with natural scientists, and the majority of members of the National Science Board were selected because of their natural science backgrounds; consequently, there was little sense of competence to deal with the social sciences.

THESE inhibitions continued for some time. However, early in 1953, in response to persistent inquiries from other governmental agencies as to its social science intentions and in recognition of a Congressional suggestion that it examine the status of the social sciences and take appropriate action, the Foundation undertook a systematic study of its role with respect to the social sciences. As a result, the Director of the Foundation presented to the National Science Board a series of recommendations involving a limited program of research support and fellowships in selected areas of the social sciences. These recommendations were unanimously approved by the Board on August 13, 1954. They involved support of basic research, conferences, symposia, attendance at international scientific congresses, studies in the status of science, and emergency publication needs in the areas of convergence of the natural sciences and social sciences. Similarly, the Foundation's fellowship programs were broadened to include a limited number of fellowships in the convergent fields.

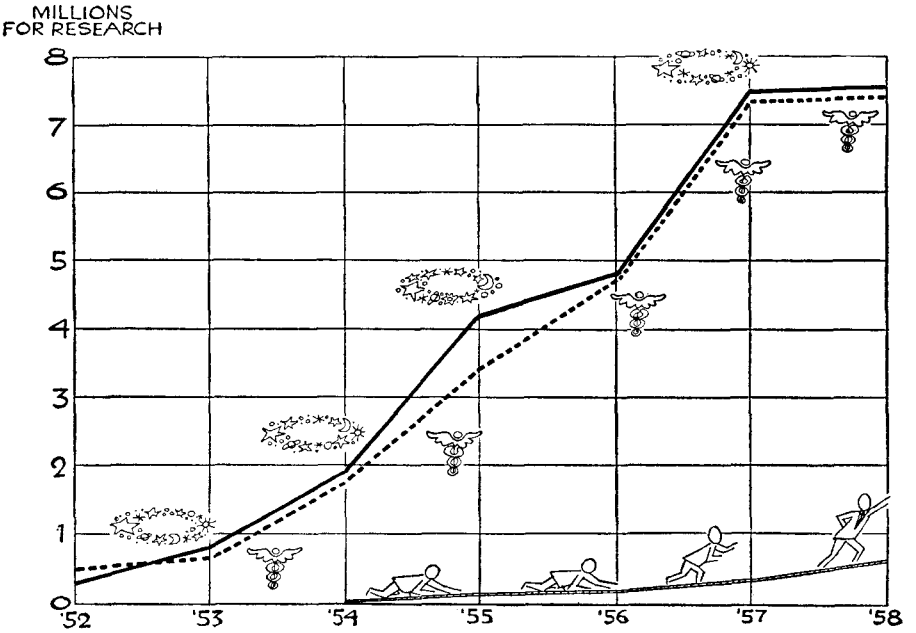
The first fellowships were awarded for the academic year 1956-1957. In that and the following academic year a total of thirty fellowships were initiated in the convergent fields.

Originally the limited program of research support was administered experimentally through the Biological and Medical Sciences Division and the Mathematical, Physical, and Engineering Sciences Division. Operating experience with this procedure was accompanied by increasing evidence of the significant contribution of the social sciences to the Federal Government, and by expressions of interest in basic social science research and education on the part of Congressional committees and individual Congressmen. Among these expressions was a specific recommendation in a report of the Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary.

"Research provides the necessary basic knowledge concerning human social behavior upon which rational, effective action programs must be based . . ." the report observed. "The subcommittee, therefore, believes that the encouragement of basic research in the social sciences must be an essential feature of any systematic program designed to meet the problems created by delinquent behavior. . . . Research plays a particularly important role in the attack upon social problems. . . . Likewise, research is essential in broadening and deepening our understanding of man's hopes, desires, and aspirations and our knowledge of the social processes by which human ideals can be achieved. Man has achieved mastery over nature, but now needs more than ever the fundamental knowledge about his own nature and his family and community relationships which will permit him to achieve mastery of himself. This much is axiomatic."

HERE was an acknowledgment of the way the social sciences tend, by their nature, to become identified with the prominent social problems of the time. The NSF does not support research in applied social science. The basic research on the fundamental workings of human behavior which it does support may be expected to provide the practitioners of applied social science with important theories and understandings of specific happenings in much the same way as the engineer continually relies on the findings of his basic science colleagues in physics, chemistry, and mathematics.

One NSF grantee, Urie Bronfenbrenner at Cornell University, is studying the problems of sex-identification and family structure. If our theories of personality development are correct, variations in the patterns of family structure and parental be-



Here we see, in graphic form, the long slow struggle for recognition of social science in the National Science Foundation. The man starts two years late, on bottom line. Dotted line: life science. Solid line: physical science.

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havior should leave their mark on the personality of the child.

The existence in our culture of consistent differences between the sexes, both in attitude and action, is a well-documented fact, as is the presence of considerable overlapping from one sex to the other. However, we know little of how these differences come to be. It is generally conceded that such variation is not to be explained by biological factors alone but depends in large part on environmental influences, particularly within the family. Empirical studies of this question are few. We have little information about differences in the bringing up of boys and girls in our culture and the specific role of each parent in this process. We know even less about how these differences in child rearing operate to produce systematic variations in personality for the two sexes. Knowledge of how behavioral differences between the sexes develop may pave the way for better understanding of how persons of the same, as well as different, sexes come to differ in personality characteristics.

Juvenile delinquency was not the only public problem that Congress felt could be effectively attacked by basic research in the social sciences. Others were suggested by the Subcommittee on Economic Statistics of the Joint Economic Committee. In these, mathematical techniques in economics were involved. Electronic computers have opened new methods of analyzing economic data. Julius Shiskin and Geoffrey H. Moore of the National Bureau of Economic Research have been using an NSF grant to explore the problem with special reference to the analysis of current economic indicators and historical analyses of business fluctuations. They have made a significant advance in their development of an electronic computer program which can systematically and rapidly separate more meaningful business trends from seasonal and irregular fluctuations. The previous inability to do this was long an acute problem because, on a month-to-month basis, seasonal and irregular movements are usually much larger than changes in the underlying cyclical, or major, trend. The new method provides a more speedy and a more sensitive measure in determining the stage of the business cycle; it is already in use by both government and private industry in gauging the current position of our economy.

THE NSF staff, having outgrown some of its original caution, responded to the indications that experience with the benefits of social science research was altering Congressional attitudes about support of experiments in human behaviorism. In planning for fiscal 1958 (which began July 1, 1957) it was decided to request limited funds to broaden the NSF approach to the social sciences beyond the areas of convergence with the natural sciences. The staff proposal was approved by the Board, the new funds were obtained, and on August 1, 1957 there was established within NSF a consolidated, unified Social Science Research Program.

ONE may well ask: Where do we go from here? From various quarters we are urged to survey and study further the social sciences and to make a "case" for the support of social science research. But the social sciences have already been surveyed to death. Little can be accomplished by more activity along these lines other than to delay and postpone effective positive action. In fact, in some instances, the suspicion seems to be well founded that the demand for more studies is a substitute for facing up to a policy decision.

Unquestionably, the "case" for the social sciences can rather easily be made in statements and memoranda. But a memorandum is not enough. Heed must be given to the well-considered warnings of Charles Dollard, now a member of the National Science Board, regarding necessary strategy for the social sciences. Dollard quite properly stresses the strategy of the deed. Advance in social science depends on what social scientists indeed do: how well they teach at the undergraduate level, how effectively they respond to calls from industry and government for help in resolving practical problems, and how much they devote to fundamental research. It depends also on the extent to which they cultivate patience and humility. "An attitude of patience and humility," Dollard concludes, "involves no admission of failure or inadequacy. . . . The long-term contract of the social scientist with society is not to perform miracles but to bring to the study of man and his problems the same objectivity and the same passion for truth which have in the past given us some understanding and control of the physical world."

Illustrative of the sympathetic understanding of social science activities and objectives which proper presentation can achieve is the Final Report of the Select Committee of the House of Representatives (Cox Committee) which in 1952 investigated tax-exempt foundations. The report commented:

"Many of our citizens confuse the term 'social,' as applied to the discipline of the social sciences, with the term 'socialism.' And since the social sciences may be defined as the study of man's relationship to man, the problem of every man considering himself an expert in the field is ever present. Few individuals feel themselves qualified to express an expert opinion on nuclear fission or the value of isotopes, but most of us will not hesitate to express our opinions on such homely subjects as divorce, the causes for the increase in the cost of living, the psychological effect of segregation, the increase in juvenile delinqency, or the impact of television on the study habits of children. But these and other subjects within the orbit of the social sciences are proper subjects for study and analysis under conditions of control which give promise of revealing scientific facts."

Many social-science programs of the Federal Government have experienced a process of starts and fits: an activity gets started; then, when a General or Congressman throws a fit, it gets discontinued. By contrast, the Social Science Research Program of the National Science Foundation has been characterized by selective, cautious, but continuous and essentially sound growth. Some have viewed the developments here reported as exasperatingly slow, but I believe that by careful planning and effective operations a solid basis has been established for future growth.

Next steps, in my judgment, should include, for the short range, (1) broadening of the NSF graduate and faculty fellowship programs to include the social sciences as such; (2) inclusion of the social sciences on an equal status with other scientific disciplines in the education, register, facility support, and related programs of the Foundation; and (3) establishment, after a period of experience with present programs, of a Division of the Social Sciences, as envisaged originally in the Magnuson-Kilgore Bill thirteen years ago.

FOR the long run, steps must be initiated to develop among natural scientists and social scientists a sense of mutual respect and understanding and a community of interest. Today's invidious hierarchical distinctions among specialists of the various disciplines must disappear. An institutional environment must be created to encourage all scientists in intimate association to cooperate effectively toward achievement of the common goal of better understanding of the ways of nature, man, and society. Man's mastery of space, it has been appropriately said, must quickly be matched by man's mastery of himself. This is a fundamental condition of survival.

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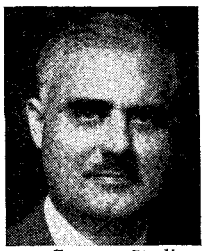
—Conway Studios.

PENDLETON HERRING *is President of the Social Science Research Council. In the conduct of his office during the last decade he has become intimately familiar with the difficulties inherent in constructive spending of money. He knows from experience with the council's seven member societies—the American Anthropological Association, the American Economic Association, the American Historical Association, the American Political Science Association, the American Psychological Association, the American Sociological Society, and the American Statistical Association—that the wellsprings of imaginative research cannot be neatly channeled along the lines of an accountant's ledger. His call for help for the social sciences is, thus, the more compelling.*

By PENDLETON HERRING

THE social sciences have developed over the years as an integral part of American higher education. By and large, their usefulness has been taken for granted. The private foundations have supported many aspects of social science research, and have encouraged scientists by providing fellowships and grants. The Federal government, however, is the largest single consumer of the resulting social science skills and talents. Thousands of employes are trained in one or more of the social science disciplines and spend their days applying their knowledge for one or more Federal agencies. Indeed, our great Federal departments—Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, and Health, Education, and Welfare—could not discharge their manifold duties properly without men and women trained in the social science disciplines, particularly economics, statistics, and psychology.

In view of this dependence of the government on officials broadly educated in the subject matter of the social sciences in our colleges and universities, we might expect from the government clear recognition and continuing support of the social sciences. What is the actual situation?

According to National Science Foundation data for 1957, the whole of Federal Government spending in support of the social sciences was $35,000,000—about 3.6 per cent of the total government expenditure for science. Only $4 million of that sum was spent for basic research. The NSF's own spending for social science amounted to $382,000. Of the many thousands of Federal fellowships or research assistantships given to science students how many went to students in the social sciences?

	Resident students	Recipients of stipends
Physical sciences	18,996	3,399
Life sciences	13,042	1,696
Psychology	5,444	402
Other social sciences	15,405	110

It is clear that fellowship support under the National Science Foundation is not yet available to qualified students in the social sciences generally. If we add up the numbers of economists and psychologists and sociologists and other social scientists, they constitute about a fifth of the total of all the college graduates professionally employed in all fields of science. Support for the social sciences is not commensurate. This line of argument, if pursued, would mean urging a manifold proportionate increase in social science appropriations.

I prefer not to adopt this criterion. More money can help, but we cannot buy our way to knowledge or truth, or even to security. If one short-sighted reaction is to hope to spend our way out of this present crisis, another is to identify with greater national security increased support for some special-interest field of learning to the detriment of other fields. The history of science tells us that studies seemingly remote and abstract at one moment have highly practical aspects at another. At the same time that governmental contracts are offered for research relevant to immediate national needs, it is important that a substantial number of scholars should continue to follow their scientific curiosities without regard to the clock or the calendar. The dynamic crisis through which we are moving will not be resolved in the present session of Congress nor by the election of next November. It is to be of long duration. To recognize that we are living in a period of rapid change means also to accept the fact that routines will be altered, some vested interests demoted and others enhanced in importance. So I prefer not to plead for any fixed proportion of government funds for the social sciences.

My concern is with how the the social sciences can best contribute to the institutional developments in our society. This contribution is the appropriate measure of social science worth, its true claim to recognition.

The nation's need, in my own opinion, is for steady, strong support for the broad sweep of teaching and research in American higher education. To establish the social sciences upon a higher and firmer plateau for advance over the next ten years, increased opportunity must be provided for further research activity. This calls for more endowed professorships, for more tenure appointments, for better fellowships, and for more situations where a professor can work closely with a group of highly qualified advanced students, and where these students, in turn, can look forward to adequately rewarded social science careers.

The sums of money involved are, of course, substantial. Such financial support goes beyond the present practice of research grants for specific projects undertaken with grants made for one, two, or three years. It is an integral part of the larger questions involved in the support of higher education. These problems are so massive that, while efforts are being made to cope with the total situation, opportunities should not be overlooked by industry, or by the smaller foundations, to provide professional chairs at selected institutions.

Estimated costs of such educational improvement that may seem extravagant today will, I predict, turn out to be conservative before the total bill is paid. Providing money is the easiest part; taxing our brains comes harder. The demanding task is to decide how best to employ our resources and direct our energies.

Now, and during an indefinite span of years ahead, there is urgent need for the confident exercise of social intelligence. As a nation, we will be called upon to make choices that call for a full appreciation of consequences. As a society, we function under a system of decentralized decision-making. In all walks of life we endeavor to pre-

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serve the individual's right to decide for himself. This is probably what freedom means to most of us. It is certainly the nature of our pluralistic society.

As self-governing individuals, we must live in the same world with a totalitarian state that denies in its organization and ideology all that we cherish. If we are not to embrace, in self defense, the very attributes of our competitor for survival, we must learn to excel in terms of our own attributes. Freedom must show its greater strength: the capacity of citizens to make wise choices. To this end, we must be self-aware: aware of our psychological strengths and weaknesses as individuals, aware of our social roles as citizens or as parents or in our work or play, aware of the inter-relations of churches and labor unions and businesses and professions and other groups, aware of the forces that make for productivity or self-development or moral virtue, aware of the nature of the American culture and of the other cultures we must understand in order to remain free.

In simpler, tradition-bound cultures, such conscious awareness does not have to be articulated in theories or expressed in administrative arrangements. It can be expressed in the mores and carried out in familiar routines. But in our highly mobile, technological society we cannot rely upon custom and we abhor totalitarianism. The only alternative is greater knowledge of human behavior and social relations, if we are to lead our individual lives with some degree of freedom and at the same time manage our public affairs effectively. The social sciences represent our efforts to deal rationally and systematically with such matters even while we recognize that human affairs may transcend the limits of scientific analysis—even though, in matching our social science potentials against the magnitude and complexity of the human problems that surround us, we realize our kinship to builders of a fire with wet wood on a stormy mountainside.

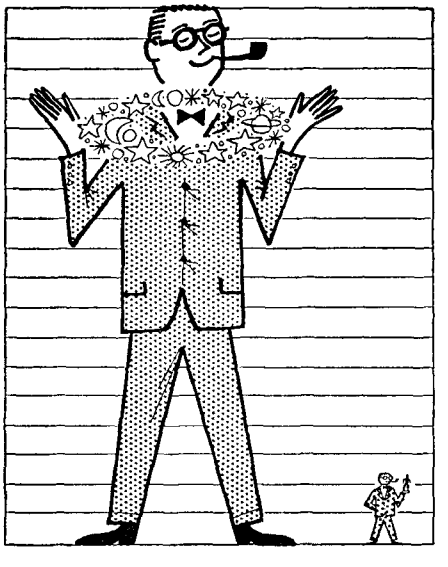
All-out war as an instrument of national policy is obviously self-defeating and suicidal. The outbreak of so-called limited warfare between major powers would greatly increase the risk of the use of weapons of mass destruction. Hence, as we look ahead, diplomacy and negotiation take on a new importance. This is another way of saying that political, economical, cultural, and psychological factors take the center of the international stage.

Our defense is now more than ever tied in with knowledge of the Soviet Union. Due to the foresight and initiative of several of our leading universities and major foundations over the past decade, 400 to 500 specialists in various aspects of Soviet studies have been trained and significant research completed. The task now before us is to build from what has been accomplished in order to widen understanding of how a totalitarian system actually functions.

IN THE "uncommitted" parts of the world, will representative or dictatorial forms of government win out? We need a clear grasp of the interplay of social, economic, political, and cultural forces in these other places. We should know the real acceptability of our financial aid to foreign lands, and the impact of our information agencies abroad. Are we fighting straw men instead of our real enemies? Have we misjudged the aspirations of our friends? Systematic efforts could be made through surveys of opinions and preferences to find out more about the peoples of the world with whom we wish to cooperate. Comparative analysis of political systems can provide a clearer picture of the realities.

Even while we are engaged in the political and economic subtleties of the Cold War, we are also called upon to reckon with the strains on both the individual and the society induced by technological progress. What are the social implications of atomic energy? What are the psychological as well as the biological limits of endurance of navigators for the "space age?" Change is all about us, yet our methods for studying it fall short of grasping its complexities.

All of the problem areas of great national concern at the present time can be approached on at least two levels. What is the concrete and immediately wise course of action? How to increase the supply of scientists is a question at that level. The second level involves such questions as: What makes a scientist, anyhow? What makes him want to study science, and when does it happen? Highly qualified sociologists and social and educational psychologists can seek answers to those questions and to still broader ones such as these: What kinds of students get most out of college, and under what conditions? What influences most affect their development during the college years? In short, what does the college experience mean and, more particularly, how can the vast amount of wealth and intellect expended in higher education be used to maximize the educational experience for the individual student? It seems to me highly desirable to give encouragement and support to social scientists working at this second level, and to have this effort continually under way in many problem areas. The answers found do not necessarily produce easy solutions, but they do provide a factual basis for coherent thought about constructive social arrangements.



The enormous disparity in figures above reflects neglect of social-science fellowships.

In fact, an effort is now under way to exploit electronic computers to understand the nature of human thought itself. What are the possible parallels between the cognitive processes as discerned by psychological study and as performed by computers? This question is so much on the frontier of research curiosities that the fingers of one hand suggest the number of individuals professionally qualified and technically competent "to think about thought" with the aid of the most advanced "thinking machines." An experimental approach is involved where the gamble is great but where a genuine scientific breakthrough might result. Such possibilities on the frontier of social science research are few in number, and so are the rare individuals with the skills and imagination for meeting the challenge. When they can be found, they should be backed to the utmost.

There is today a widely held conviction that a clearer recognition of social scientists within the National Science Foundation is in order. Research projects in the fields relating to human behavior and institutions should be considered on their merits under conditions that insure informed judgments by those at the top decision-making level. The Foundation has been moving in the right direction. The time has come for more forthright support and recognition of the social sciences as these fields contribute to a basic understanding of human behavior.

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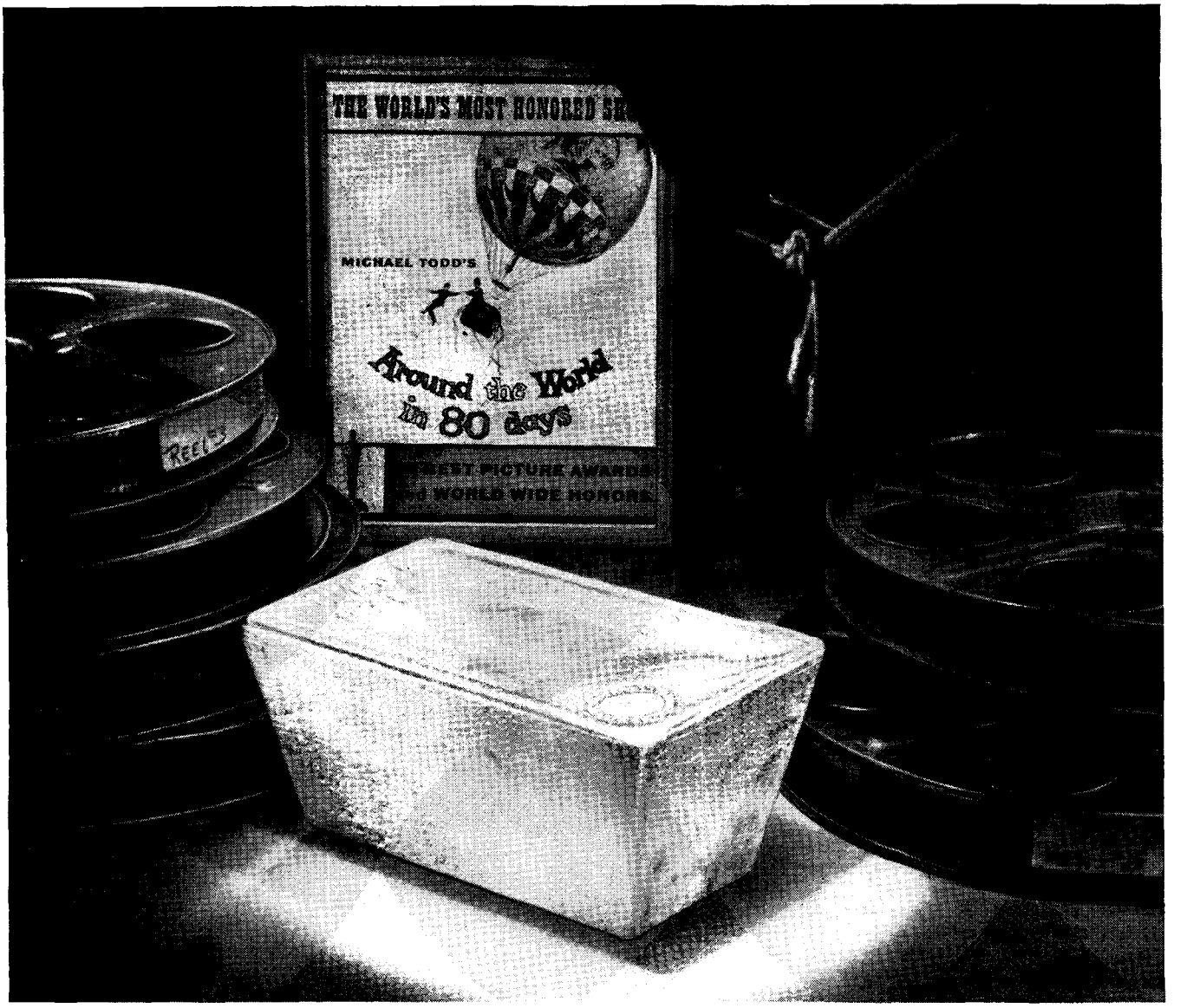

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OUR REPORT CARD

By JOHN LEAR

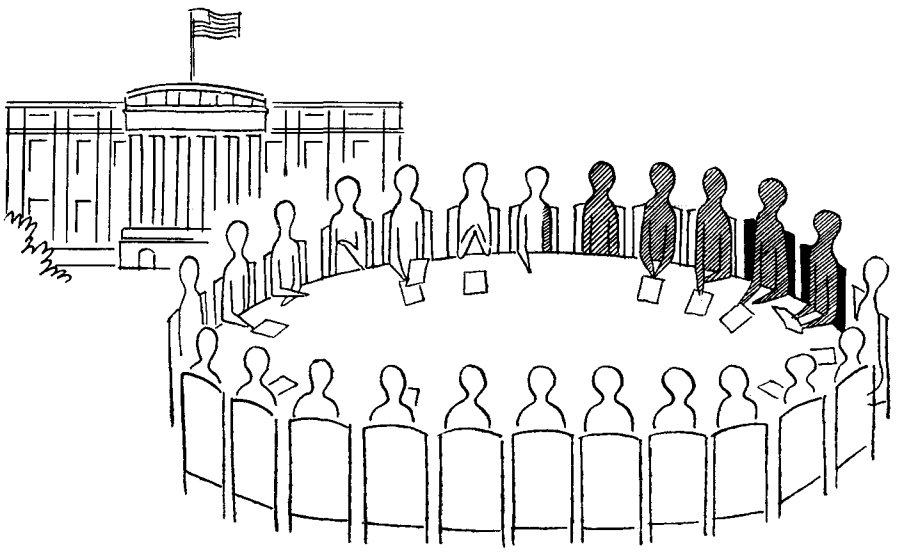
IF WE intend to remain a democracy, and to influence our fellows through wisdom rather than force, American policy can support spending for weaponry only insofar as the spending is required to maintain a shield for development of the securer defenses that lie in good will among men. Pendleton Herring speaks as a science statesman, then, in refusing to plead for funds for the social sciences in strict proportion to the number of our social scientists. The practical uses of behavioral studies that he and Harry Alpert describe are worth infinitely more than the 22 per cent of available science moneys that could be claimed on the strength of comparative size of the social-science research corps. It is better to let the weight of the evidence strike its own balance with the urgent need for self-knowledge.

The opening words of President Eisenhower's message to Congress on the budget for 1958-1959 alone are enough to suggest the public attitude on this matter. His first sentence characterized his conveyance of the biggest budget in peacetime history as a reflection of "the swiftly moving character of the times in which we live." His second sentence defined the power behind the motion: "Technology and science (which) almost daily open wholly new vistas to all mankind."

Those words alone are enough to set the stage. They do not stand alone. In his retiring address as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Indianapolis last December, Dr. Paul Sears of Yale warned: "The golden moment for the pickpocket comes when everyone at the county fair is craning his neck at the balloon ascension. . . . Our future security may depend less on priority in exploring outer space than upon our wisdom in managing the space in which we live." The impact of his words was felt immediately in the appointment of an AAAS committee, headed by Dr. Warren Weaver and charged with inquiring into the relative state of social science. Widespread echoes of this concern constitute the one clear expression discernible in preliminary examination of the several thousand returns thus far received from the "Man in Space" quiz conducted in the December issue of SR/RESEARCH.

In the Congress, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington, and Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota have been insisting for many months past that the social sciences be enlisted as a national resource. It was their continuing pressure which brought about, within the National Science Foundation, the integrated social science program mentioned in the Alpert report. More recently, Vice President Richard Nixon has interested himself in the problem and become something of a champion of the social sciences at the White House. The night before this issue went to press, he met in New York with a scientific group to consider a campaign of action. If the Congress accedes to the President's request to triple the NSF budget, the immediate requirement may be nothing more extensive than administrative juggling of NSF appropriations to bring the social sciences into effective play. From a longer range view, the preceding pages of this study indicate a need for collaboration between the President and the Senate in regard to appointments to the National Science Board.

The twenty-four members of the Board govern the affairs of the NSF, hold policy responsibilities they cannot legally delegate even to an executive committee of their own body, and must individually approve all grants and fellowships before NSF financial support is given. On May 10, 1958, the six-year terms of a third of these two dozen men and women will expire. One of the eight is board chairman Detlev Wulf Bronk, president of the National Academy of Sciences and head of the Rockefeller Institute. Others are Sophie D. Aberle, Robert P. Barnes, Gerty T. Cori (deceased), Charles Dollard, T. Keith Glennan, Robert F. Loeb, and Andrey A. Potter. A ninth vacancy exists through the recent death of George W. Merck. The places will be filled by appointment of the President with the consent of the Senate. Nominations can be made to the White House, under the NSF act, by the National Academy of Sciences, the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities, the National Association of State Universities, the Association of American Colleges, "or by other scientific or educational organizations." This year, for the first time, the Social Science Research Council is offering nominations. The names it has chosen are, of course, confidential. The number of nominees has not been disclosed. If Mr. Eisenhower were to grant the social sciences representation on the board commensurate with the proportion between social scientists and other scientists throughout the country, the number would be between five and six, as indicated by the shaded figures seated at the table in the artist's sketch at left. Present representation of social sciences on the board is limited to two men: the expiring termholder, sociologist Dollard, and Frederick A. Middlebush, a political scientist. Both men are eminent. Neither is currently active in social-science research.



NSF board in imaginary session. Shaded figures represent votes due social sciences on proportional basis. Two black chairs symbolize their actual voting power.

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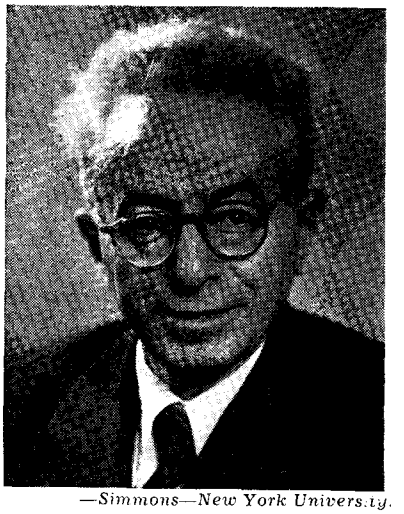
PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXIII

SCIENTIFIC BEST-SELLER: DR. RICHARD COURANT

This New York Professor Writes Masterworks in Mathematics Rivaling the Liveliest Novels in the Bookshops



—Simmons—New York University.

DR. RICHARD COURANT is a writer's writer. When at work he shuttles between two studies on two floors of an unlovely but slipper-type comfortable fourteen-room clapboard house in New Rochelle, New York. The study on the second floor allows him to keep in touch with family affairs as they flow about him. The study on the third floor gives him complete isolation.

Even if he wrote novels, this kindly, soft-voiced gnome-like man would be a best-selling author. At least two of his books have sold 50,000 copies each, and one (with 20,000 copies gone to the Soviet Union since 1951) is still selling strongly enough to be known to his colleagues as "The Bible." The nature of these colleagues elevates him far above the ordinary best-selling category. Because of them, he is, in truth, a singular phenomenon. For they—and he—are mathematicians. Ordinarily, a printing of 3,000-6,000 is considered prosperous for a major non-textbook in math.

Fortune had to be apprenticed to this present bounty. When, as a math professor in Germany, Dr. Courant shortly after World War I began editing a several-dozen-volumed series of texts on various branches of mathematics and mathematical applications, the formidable content plus the sulphur color of the cover tempted students to nickname his work "The Yellow Peril." That period of inspired dread did not long survive, however. By 1924, he was venturing upon the classic "Methods of Mathematical Physics" with David Hilbert, the grand mathematician of the twentieth century. Since then there has flowed from Courant's pen a procession of books which, if not to be recommended to anyone who had tough sledding through advanced algebra, draw cries of "superb" from scholars of math and physics.

His peers in the science of numbers call forth the encomium, "literary prose," to express their admiration for the lucid, incisive style of Courant's popular masterpiece, "What is Mathematics?" Unmathematical readers with an ear for language, though admittedly influenced by a sense of relief from the ponderous verbiage and monotonous pattern of most mathematical writing, speak no protest when he is placed in the great tradition of scientific literacy alongside Newton, Darwin, and Clerk-Maxwell. He may well be one of the last representatives of that historic line of communication. For although scientific progress continues to be recorded in journals, there has been a serious decline in major scientific works which not only report but also synthesize and often create in the very process of being written.

Largely through his literary labors, Dr. Courant has won the respect and devotion of generations of students and colleagues. Many of these have been associated with the Institute of Mathematical Sciences at New York University, which he now directs. He has been there since 1934. A year's lectureship at Cambridge then divided him from the Mathematics Institute of the University of Göttingen and the Germany whose walls were being dirtied by Hitler's handwriting when he left.

Within a decade after his arrival in America a drab, narrow nine-story former hat factory off Washington Square had become commonly known as "Courant's Institute" and firmly established as Mecca to the world's mathematicians.

The Institute of Mathematical Sciences embraces N Y U's graduate department of math and a $2 million-a-year research program. It is a unique combination of the continental academic seat (staff and students gather at tea in mid-afternoon five days a week) and the intellectually free-wheeling air of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. It personifies Courant's personal crusade against "the powerful trend among mathematicians toward the introvert aspects of their science." He says, "mathematicians have all too often evaded the challenge from the world of physical reality." And his Institute is populated by physicists as well as by mathematicians. Besides pure mathematics, Institute researchers work on the mathematics of atomic-reactor design, radar and communications, and the control of thermonuclear energy for power production. The Atomic Energy Commission's largest non-governmental computing center is on the premises.

His seventieth birthday was celebrated last January 8 with a convocation at which the Danish Nobel physicist Niels Bohr called him "a second brother to me" and added: "every physicist is in his debt for the vast insight he has given us into mathematical methods for comprehending nature and the physical world." The assembled scholars made a payment on the debt by anteing up $7,700 for a biennial lectureship in Courant's honor. But the professor refuses to act venerable. He bounces through the cerebral atmosphere with the alacrity minus the nervousness of a Macy's floorwalker the day before Christmas.

HIS office has a front door and a back door to give him a choice of the straightest line between two points. At times, however, in keeping with the tenets of some of the newer branches of mathematical learning, he eschews the straight line. These deviations occasionally become public when the straight line runs upward. If, for instance, the Institute elevator

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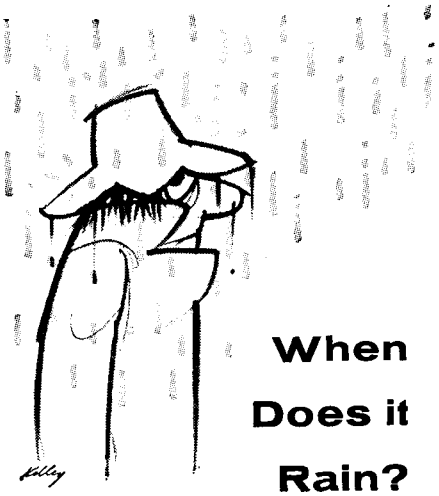

When Does it Rain?

Ask any small boy — he'll tell you. It rains when it's cloudy . . . and usually on Saturday.

Some ADL scientists asked the same question.

They knew that in fair weather, with the earth's electrical charge negative, a slight excess of the particles in the atmosphere are positively charged. When a rainstorm occurs, the charge in the clouds changes to negative. They were not sure, however, whether the shift in the charge preceded or followed the start of rain.

To investigate this phenomenon and other mysteries of atmospheric electricity, one of them went aloft in free balloon flights. (He had helped develop the polyethylene balloon and holds the first U. S. license for polyethylene balloon flights.) With him he carried charge-recording instruments built at ADL, while ground radar scanned the clouds for rain.

From these flights have come valuable data that may help answer many questions about the little-understood ways of the weather.

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is slow in responding to his lively punch of the call button, he runs up the stairs. When less precipitous colleagues who stayed behind for the ride reach his office, he greets them with a triumphal look. They know he shares the late Enrico Fermi's propensity to be first in any test of exertion. Just before his seventieth birthday, there was talk that Dr. Courant would abandon skiing. But on the slopes in Alta in Utah, he met a skier aged seventy-two. Soon thereafter he bought himself a new pair of skis.

His schedule is an open invitation to the belief that his energy is boundless. His hours at his Institute desk are long but irregular. If asked whether he will be in on the following day he replies, with sincerity, "who knows about the future? I am no prophet." Occasionally he arrives at 8:30 A.M. and leaves only after classes end at 10 P.M. True to the image of the absent-minded professor, he occasionally misplaces papers or his overcoat. But in things that matter he is as perceptive and penetrating as his mathematical ideas. He has an enormous regard, and keen nose, for talent. The Institute plays hunches by admitting some serious, eager graduate students whose undergraduate grades show no particular brilliance. The policy has paid off by developing many first-rank mathematicians who didn't begin to shine until they started graduate work. Endowed with quantity by NYU (425 graduate mathematics students, more than any other American university) he in turn has endowed quality. For bright post-doctoral students he established one- and two-year "temporary memberships" which support them financially and charge them with no duty except to enlarge their scientific scope.

As a teacher, Courant has a knack of dispelling any stultifying barrier of "the great presence." His humor is modest and whimsical. Once, after explaining an abstruse point, he said to his audience, "excuse me for wasting your time; I forgot that you must have learned that in kindergarten." And the venerable mathematician inspires his listeners by assuring them that mathematics, far from being mature and thoroughly explored, still awaits many great discoveries.

Courant's own research has crossed the gap he urges others to bridge between pure mathematics and its application to physical reality. His work with Hilbert provided mathematical tools for applying the theories of the revolutionary discovery of quantum mechanics in the 1920s to practical problems in physics. One of his findings, while seemingly of interest only to such an esoteric matter as partial differential equations, paved the way to the use of electronic computers in solving problems of atomic reactor behavior and rapid mathematical prediction of river flooding.

The crowning honor of many tributes in his long life was Courant's selection, in 1955, to deliver the principal address at Göttingen on the 100th anniversary of the death of Karl Friedrich Gauss, the greatest mathematician of modern times. But more intimately satisfying to him may be his own family. He has two physicist sons, one at Brookhaven National Laboratory (co-inventor, incidentally, of a powerful new method of focusing nuclear beams), the other teaching at Yale. Perhaps unconsciously honoring their father's passion for balanced harmony between mathematics and physics, his two daughters (one a biologist) married math professors.

Everyone in the Courant family plays one or more musical instruments. The professor's wife is expert on the viola da gamba, has given concerts in New York's Town Hall. Chamber music fills the house most evenings and week ends. Institute folklore (with some grains of truth) has it that candidates for staff appointments can advance their prospects by demonstrating proficiency on almost any instrument but the piano, which is the boss's specialty.

THE famous Courant approachability is evident in the small settlement of Institute faculty homes which has grown up in the neighborhood of the house Dr. Courant bought in New Rochelle. (A foreign manifestation of this same trait is a stranger to the family who, in his devotion to his mathematical hero, calls himself Courant's nephew and has a Mercedes-Benz awaiting his "uncle's" every plane arrival in Germany.) In time, given the intellectual nature of the colony, a statistical study probably will be made of the gardeners Dr. Courant has inspired—and of the wives who finish the weeding when visitors come and turn talk to math.

The swift Courant mind is never far from the beauties of numbers. Hikes with colleagues often become walking seminars. Few writers outside science so faithfully exemplify an ideal for which many voices are pleading these days. He defined it himself years ago when he hoped that his Institute, in addition to advancing training and research, "would give due emphasis to the humanistic, historical, and philosophical aspects of mathematics, realizing that the training of mere specialists may be of doubtful value to society if these experts are not educated, responsible human beings."

—RICHARD MAGAT.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE TALKATIVE ANIMAL

Despite the Romantic Writers, Man Alone Is Able to Speak

—Keith Hayes.

WE HUMAN beings are so used to the idea of verbal communication that we are apt to assume that all animals can or should communicate in this way. Kipling with his "Jungle Books" is only one of many imaginative writers who have envisioned the remarkable things that a man could do if only he knew the language of other animals. In the usual plot, the animals have a secret language very much like human speech which the hero is somehow able to learn, and the rest of the story deals with the remarkable results. In recent years scientific study has shown that many animals do have secret systems of communication, some of which resemble human language in many ways. However, what the animals say to each other is usually not what a romantic writer might imagine.

Birds have great advantages for behavioral study, and it is not surprising that they have yielded fruitful results far in advance of other groups. . . . In the older bird books there are many attempts to render bird calls in terms of nonsense syllables and the musical scale. The king rail is reported to give a loud startling cry of "Bup bup bup!" whereas the mourning dove has a sad—to human ears—call which may be written "Coo-o-o, ah-coo-o-o, coo-o-o, coo-o-o." It usually turns out that any particular species has at least six or seven different calls. Most of these can be easily interpreted as indicating danger, distress, hunger, presence of food, and so on. Among the perching birds there is one special call whose significance is not so obvious—the song of the males. In some birds, like song sparrows and thrushes, it is very musical, and in others, like catbirds, it is sung with many variations. The ornithologists duly noted that the song was usually a definite way to identify a species even when the bird itself was not visible, and that it was heard most often in the mating and nesting season. It remained for Eliot Howard to point out that the typical bird song is actually a territorial cry which serves as a warning to other males.

It is expected that more discoveries will be made in the future, mainly because of modern technical advances. . . . With . . . sensitive microphones and tape recorders, it is possible to record bird calls accurately and to play them over and over again. . . .

Some birds are good imitators of human speech, and still another way of approaching the problem of animal language is to try to teach them to talk our own. . . . Certain species, like parrots and parakeets, are well known for their imitative powers, and crows and mynah birds are also good performers. However, teaching a bird to talk is not an easy process. The best way is to obtain a bird very young and socialize it to the human species. With a great deal of attention and by being rewarded when it repeats human speech, it will eventually learn to say several recognizable words and even sentences. Sometimes the bird says them in appropriate circumstances, but no one has been able to teach a bird to recombine words in new phrases. . . . In general, our present evidence indicates that communication in birds, either vocal or through visual signals, conveys rather simple information, the extent of which is largely determined by heredity. No one, however, really knows what the highly vocal birds are up to under natural conditions. . . .

Efforts to teach mammals human language have been notoriously unsuccessful compared with birds. A trained dog can learn to discriminate between as many as seventy-five or 100 individual words, but efforts to teach dogs to talk have never produced more than one or two faintly recognizable sounds.

The chimpanzee, with its brain and motor apparatus so much more similar to those of human beings, would seem to be a better prospect, but chimpanzees are still relatively poor at making sounds. One study of these apes in captivity lists thirty-two different noises which could be identified by the human listener, but this is not much better than the dog with its various kinds of barks, howls, and whines. Chimpanzee noises are certainly no more complex than bird calls and range from "Ho-oh!" to express alarm, to a barking "Uh, uh, uh, uh" while eating, which evidently indicates satisfaction. . . .

The various attempts to raise chimpanzees completely away from their kind and socialize them like children have never resulted in the chimpanzees learning to talk. . . . The most recent ape-child, Viki, was raised by Dr. Keith Hayes and his wife, Cathy Hayes, as an only child. Even with this concentrated parental attention, she was able to learn only three human words by the age of three years. She made very few babbling noises compared to human babies and stopped doing this by the age of five months. Her foster parents then tried to teach her to "speak" for a food reward, and by another five months she learned to grunt on command. After this they manipulated her lips to produce the word "mama," which she soon learned to do for herself. . . . The lessons went slowly, and by the time she was two-and-a-half, she could say "papa" and "cup." Eventually she learned to use them in the proper way and would whisper "cup" when she wanted a drink of water. . . . Viki's foster parents felt that she had very nearly reached her limit in acquiring a total of seven words by the age of six. . . . At best, Viki's performance in learning a language is far behind those of human children, who often have vocabularies up to hundreds of meaningful words by the age of two and are already combining them into sentences.

ALL the evidence indicates that the chimpanzees and other mammals that have been unsuccessfully trained to talk have a poor sort of vocal ability. The larynx and other motor apparatus is there, but they seem to have very little voluntary control over it. It is difficult for them to repress noises when emotionally excited, and even more difficult to produce the noises voluntarily in the absence of emotion. Compared to birds, mammals are relatively silent and make a small variety of noises. It is possible that experiments with some of the noisier primates, like the howling monkeys, might give better results, but for the present we must conclude that man is a unique mammal in at least one way—his vocal powers.

—JOHN PAUL SCOTT,
in "Animal Behavior"
(University of Chicago Press; $5).

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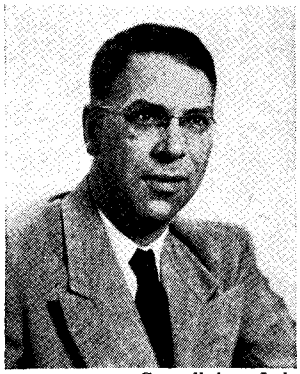

—Cornell Aero Lab.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

At many places around the Earth researchers have been diligently at work on an answer to Mark Twain's old complaint that while everybody talks about the weather no one does anything about it. Experiments financed by the National Science Foundation have conclusively demonstrated that clouds can be "seeded" to give rain at certain points under particular conditions. There is not yet, however, any formula for weather-making that can be used at will regardless of circumstance. President Eisenhower's special committee on weather control has drafted an extensive report on the status quo which soon will appear in print. Meanwhile, a scientist in Buffalo has turned the usual objectives inside out in a try for sunshine instead of rain.

SEVILLE CHAPMAN

(Cornell Aeronautics Laboratory, Buffalo, N.Y.)

ALTHOUGH low-lying stratus clouds give Buffalo the dubious distinction of having little sunshine in winter, Buffalo could—if it would—convert several of those cloudy days to beautiful sunny ones. To be specific, Buffalo has only about 30 per cent of possible winter sunshine. (The USA as a whole averages about 55 per cent, and Arizona about 75 per cent.) In contrast with the dreary weather down here, however, half a mile up the skies are clear and sunny.

All that is needed to get more of this sunshine is to dissipate the clouds above us, an easy task, and one which has been done.

Cloud dissipation is based on this principle: Ice melts at 32° F., but in the absence of ice, pure water never freezes at the same temperature, or even at temperatures as low as zero. When pure water reaches such low temperatures, but remains in the liquid state, it is termed supercooled water. In the atmosphere, the water in cloud droplets is quite pure (not perfectly pure), and consequently most clouds whose temperatures range from 32° F. down to about 0° F. are supercooled water droplet clouds. Supercooled clouds therefore, are the norm, and ice crystal clouds at these temperatures are relatively uncommon.

The stratus overlying Buffalo on a cold winter day consists of supercooled water droplet clouds, while on a relatively warm day of 32° F. or more, the clouds are just ordinary water droplet clouds. My proposal, therefore, is to dissipate the supercooled clouds by seeding, leaving clear blue sky.

This method will work only in the winter when clouds are colder than 32° F. An aircraft would fly just above the overcast over Lake Erie, and drop dry ice pellets (frozen carbon dioxide) at the rate of about three pounds per mile. These pellets, of course, are very cold, and as they fall into the cloud they freeze the water droplets with which they come in contact, or to which they come very near, and consequently they introduce into the cloud a large number of ice crystals. The cloud, then, consists of a mixture of ice crystals and supercooled water droplets. As a result, the water droplets evaporate and condense on the ice crystals, which grow and eventually become heavy enough to fall out of the cloud as snowflakes.

Now, when the cloud is eliminated, does rain or snow result? It depends. The total quantity of water in the stratus cloud is so small that no significant amount of precipitation would occur if all the water were squeezed out of the cloud. Probably most of it would evaporate before it reached the ground. A few snow flurries might fall, but certainly no heavy precipitation.

This suggestion of cloud dissipation is particularly applicable to the Buffalo area. The very conditions that give Buffalo less sunshine than most other parts of the country are the conditions that give rise to the unusual type of thin, low stratus cloud. The important feature is that the clouds typically are thin, say about one or two thousand feet in thickness.

Not every cloudy day can be cleared up. Frequently other clouds lie above the low-lying stratus clouds. Sometimes the stratus clouds themselves are 10,000 feet thick, and contain enough moisture to make the kind of snow storm we do not want. That kind of cloud should be let alone.

It is not certain how often conditions in the Buffalo area are appropriate for cloud dissipation. But last winter I decided to consider the matter carefully, and I asked the traveling members of my department to make special observations of the weather with this cloud dissipation problem in mind. Analysis of the resulting very poor statistical data imply that twenty days a winter would be suitable.

Let us take the typical situation where the wind is from the southwest at twenty knots. Suppose the aircraft has a speed of 160 knots and it flies in a general northwest to southeast direction, some twenty miles up-wind over Lake Erie. Certain experiments have shown that one pass by an airplane will clear a strip of this type of cloud from two to three miles wide, and the clearing process will require about one hour after the aircraft has made the pass. Hence ten passes are required per hour, if a continuous clearing is to be achieved.

Each strip will be about sixteen miles long. If we take three pounds of CO_2 per mile, a typical amount for a thin cloud, then we will need 480 pounds per hour. We will operate for six hours a day, in two sorties of three hours each, from 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. By the time the clear area gets over us it will be about 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. A total of sixty passes will be required altogether. Most likely about two and one-half inches of snow from the cloud would drop over Lake Erie. Some of this snow might actually fall into the lake, and the rest would probably evaporate. As a result of the evaporation, the clouds would close in again, probably before Batavia or Rochester.

The dry ice will cost about $100, and airplane rental about $500. Thus, the out-of-pocket expense is perhaps $600 for every day that flights are made. Clearing leaves or snow from the roads costs the city of Buffalo about $5,000 per day. The cost of sunshine, therefore, is relatively little.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1245

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

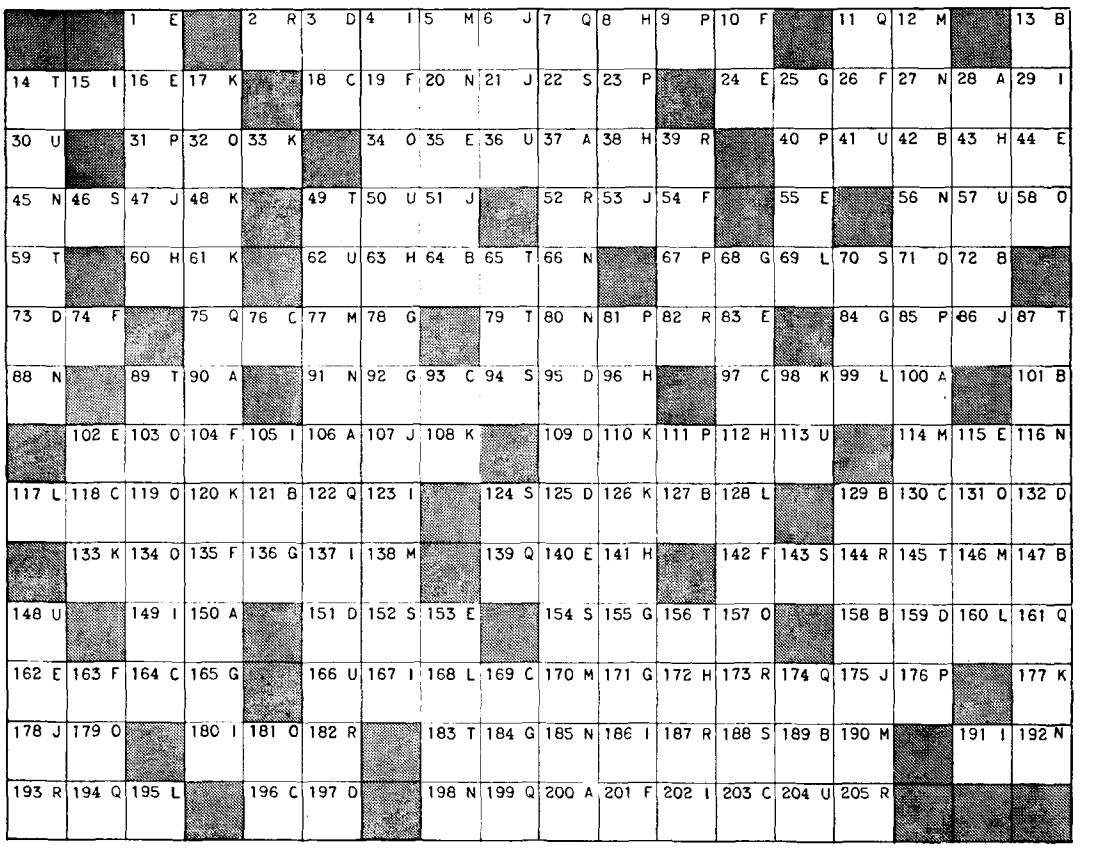
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "The Amateur Cracksman," 1899.	200 37 90 150 28 100 106
B. Remnants (3 wds.).	121 129 42 64 101 127 158 13 189 147 72
C. Most marred by patches of blemish.	97 93 196 164 118 76 203 130 18 169
D. Said of a suspension of an oil in aqueous liquid, or vice versa.	159 125 3 71 109 151 197 73 95 132
E. Violently reluctant to obey.	44 153 35 55 83 162 115 16 24 1 140 102
F. Commercial gummy substance often called white leaf.	54 104 163 10 135 26 201 74 142 19
G. Persons said by economists to do most of the buying nowadays.	155 184 92 84 25 68 171 136 165 78
H. Intricate or involved.	8 38 172 60 112 63 96 43 141
I. Place where certain toothsome crustacea are kept alive for the market (2 wds.).	29 167 191 123 180 137 4 15 149 105 186 202
J. Set in operation one's own specified course or career (2 wds.).	21 178 86 47 175 107 53 6 51
K. Sharers in burdens and responsibilities, esp. married couples.	17 126 110 33 61 48 120 133 98 177 108

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Rupert Brooke's grave "forever."	69 168 128 160 117 99 195
M. Violent bumps, head on.	170 146 5 114 77 12 190 138
N. A cosmetic composed chiefly of a perfumed mineral ground fine, plus a mild antiseptic (2 wds.).	45 27 88 66 185 80 198 192 56 91 20 116
O. Colloquial for rather inferior establishments offering board and room (2 wds., not in Webster as a phrase).	32 131 58 181 103 34 119 179 134 157
P. Parliament of Finland.	176 67 40 23 85 111 9 31 81
Q. Featured fictitious country in "Prisoner of Zenda."	194 122 7 161 75 199 174 11 139
R. Designating an extinct linguistic family of Ecuadorian Indians (with overtones of Victor Hugo!).	182 39 2 205 144 173 82 187 193 52
S. Mass of igneous rock intruding bet. sedimentary beds and producing domical bulging of strata.	70 124 152 94 46 22 188 154 143
T. Describing the things we are told "take a little longer" to accomplish.	156 14 59 89 183 79 65 49 87 145
U. Awkwardness in movement or form.	166 113 50 62 30 57 41 36 204 148

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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LETTER FROM PEKING
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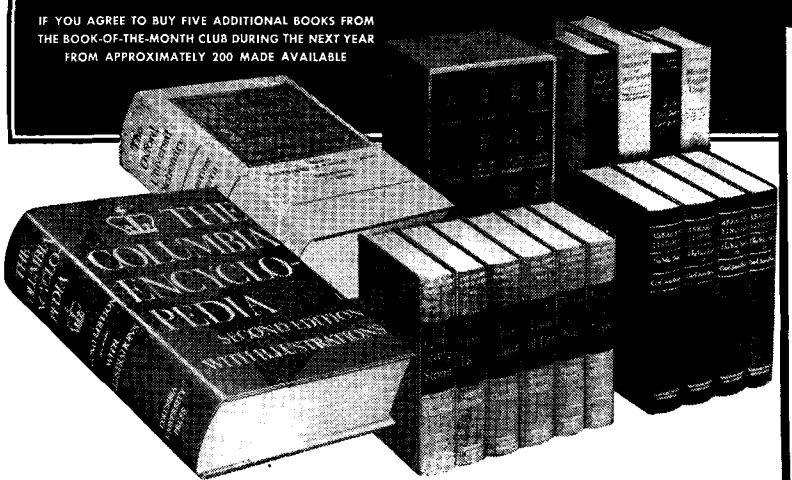

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